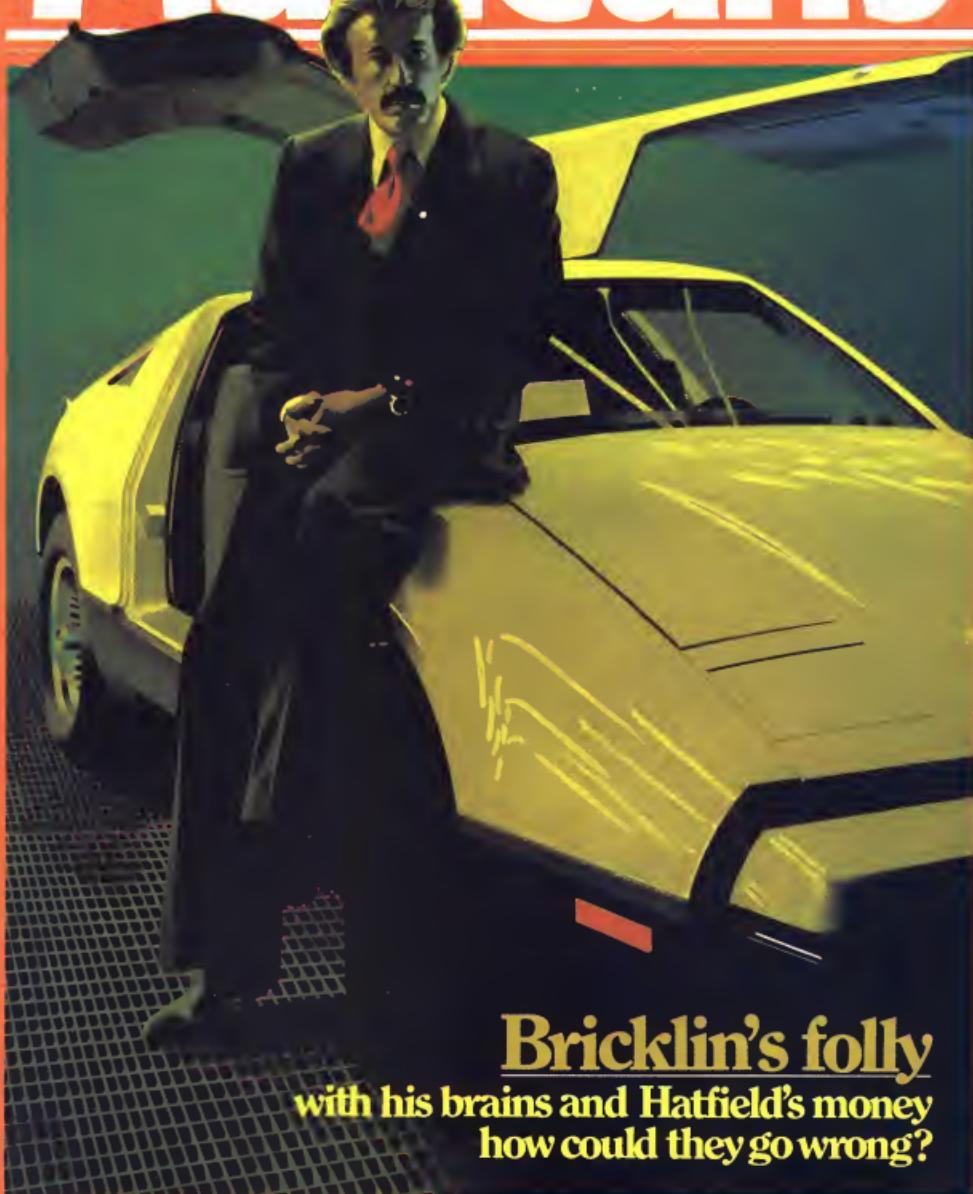


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Interview

With ALAN EAGLESON

For many Canadians the mention of the name Alan Eagleson conjures up a picture of the man crossing the Kremlin Ice Palace in Moscow. His hand raised in a gesture of defiance toward 14,000 young Soviet hockey fans. It was the final period of the first game of the 1972 series between Canada and the USSR and Eagleson was being escorted to the safety of the Canadian bench having been ostracized by several Team Canada players from a row with the Russian police. He was already well known as Bobby Orr's lawyer and agent, the founder and owner and head of the new Players' Association and the man can for whatever reason be identified as the man who would never have taken place. But it wasn't until that tense moment when, with millions of Canadians watching on television, he told the partisan Soviet fans to get to hell that Alan Eagleson became a truly national figure. In the three years since, his influence in the world of hockey has only increased and today, still negotiating contracts for Orr and still running the players' association and now at work on a world hockey tournament for Canada in the fall of 1976, Alan Eagleson is unquestionably the most powerful man in the game. Hans Pohl, a writer and CBC television producer, interviewed Alan Eagleson recently for *McLean's*.

McLean's: How do you play hockey?

Eagleson: I played hockey at university. I was never much good. I was a good lacrosse player, good swimmer, played basketball at university. I played every sport that was offered in those days. I think the reason I like to talk on hockey owners is that I got dropped from a team when I was 15, and I think it was because of my sense of humor. I had a little guy. I was in grade 11 and weighed 80 pounds and I was only a little guy. That I could run faster than most people and I could swim faster than most people and I could play lacrosse better than most people. I still get picked second.

McLean's: How did you get recruited as a professional hockey?

Eagleson: In 1959, I had played lacrosse with Bobby Baun. I went to one law school, he went into hockey. By the time I'd finished law school he was an established senior. We got talking about his contract and about his money and so on. They wasn't making much then, about \$10,000-\$12,000 a year. We set up a little mortgage company called the Blue Seal Wheat Group

headed by Bobby Baun, Cliff Brewster, Billie Burns and a couple of business men and a couple of accountants. It went very well. Then, two or three years later we came up with a concept related to hockey players and tax implications. I consulted one of my professors at law school, and he came up with an idea and we met with Billie, President Ontario Campbell. "Oh, it's a great idea, splendid, fine," he said. And I said

"Fine, when can I present this to the government?" And he said, "Oh, I'll have to present it to the government." The government



I NOW FIND MYSELF CAST AS GOLIATH RATHER THAN DAVID, AND I DON'T LIKE IT

company was MiKuni as the middle of the winter. Never heard of anything so stupid. Next thing you know after Campbell I talked up how great an idea it was. He says the owners wouldn't go for it. Then Staal Soyster said to me, "Bert, Eagleson, you were going to ask the players \$15,500 if you'd only offered to give us half that amount. I would have said for it." I thought that one day I would be back to those guys with something they couldn't turn down, and four years later it happened. I walked in with the National Hockey League Players' Association.

The biggest problem I have right now is to make the public understand that the players are committed to better hockey we want a shorter schedule, no more expansion, a coalition of teams in 12. We'd like to

see hockey go back to the level it used to enjoy. The owners have diluted the talent by expansion. They had six teams in '66-'67, they had 12 teams in '67-'68. They had 16 in '70-'71, they had 16 in '72-'73, they had 16 in '74-'75. They were talking of going to 20 and then 24 and are now at least smart enough to realize that they'd better settle. I'll tell you that I've had only 12 teams in the National Hockey League. I'd be really better about that. Who can get excited about watching the Kansas City Scouts playing the Washington Capitals? Who can get excited about watching the Tasmania Maple Leafs play the Vancouver Canucks? I mean the total, seventh and eighth players of importance stick to the Boston Bruins, and now the Kansas City Scouts? Name the players in the California Seals.

McLean's: In the negotiations with the owners was that Bobby Orr was involved in the price increase. How serious were you?

Eagleson: Oh, I was across and it may become formal. The difficulty is that a lot of people and some media people said "Oh, he's using the media to negotiate." A lot of people are saying, "Hey, oh boy. They put in on. They tickered us." They forget that, although the players have it their way now, it won't always be. I think that maybe I'm getting even a little bit for players like Max Bentley, Syl Apps, Gordie Howe, Rocket Richard, Doug Harvey, all those who deserved to earn more money but never got it.

McLean's: Where is the players' association now in terms of getting from the owners what it wants?

Eagleson: Our position is of course absolute strength. In the past three months we've had about 12 days of negotiations with the owners that will indicate a stability in hockey for another five years. We have confirmation with respect to no merger with the wets and that passed our deliberations the theme of an adjustment sum. We'll have a five-year collective bargaining agreement with the owners that will include the first venture agreement between players and owners related to national hockey. The players have finally presented owners, at least in our sport, that they are an important ingredient as an important in owners in the ultimate product being set before the fans, and that they have to be bargained with before changes can be made. The player reps are all the best players, and that's the major difference between hockey and the other sports. Something I learned quickly was that they have more to Bobby Orr, the player rep

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down in Joe Smith the player rep. Player reps are fellows like Phil Esposito, Bernie Parent. The cause of the hockey talent speaks for the players and the owners have no choice but to listen.

MacLean's: It's no longer the senior-senior in lockstep?

Esposito: There can be no lockstep of the schedule. There shall be no additional games, no reduction in playing periods. The management of hockey is now shared with the players so that the union—yourself call it in association, as we do, it's a union—can have a voice in operation. It was a long time coming in hockey. It's been here for some time in other industries.

MacLean's: Over the past three or four years, salaries have been going up, players have been playing more league against the rules, and now suddenly 120 hockey players are out of work.

Esposito: I think that last year's figure are probably another 300 out of work. But the number of players who are out of work are players who had very independent trade unions. The structure of hockey has changed significantly. In 1966, there were six teams in the National Hockey League and about 25 teams in minor leagues, the Western League, the Central League and the American League. There are now 18 teams in the NHL, 15 teams in the WHA, and a lesser number of teams, five or six in the Central League, seven or eight in the American League. The Western League has folded, but there are still many more jobs available at high paying than have ever existed in the sport before. There's a drying up of the minor leagues, what that means is that there are fewer opportunities for the has-been, the never-was-and the never-will-be. The players who are out of work are players who have been employed and in some cases never should have been.

MacLean's: Can you foresee in the next 10, 15 years that there will be no more NHL?

Esposito: Oh no, I think quite the contrary. The attendance is up, we're getting 80% to 100% capacity. It's one of the best sports in the world. Unfortunately, it is not acceptable to those who haven't seen the game and are it for the first time on television. It's a game that has to be learned. In hockey everything happens so quickly that it's difficult and sometimes impossible to follow the course of events. As a result some people just turn the TV off. But the knowing hockey fan is still interested in the National Hockey League.

MacLean's: There has been talk of merger between the NHL and the WHL. Can you describe perhaps one league?

Esposito: Oh, I can see one league, but I could tell you that it won't be by merger because that's one of the conditions the players' association has imposed on the owners. If there's a merger, all hell breaks off and we go the amateur route. They're not going to be too anxious to merge.

MacLean's: Alright, we've got a table and map for five roles. Professional hockey is

going first. The players that should be playing are playing. What is the next challenge for us?

Esposito: I think the next important step is hockey for me at the Canadian Invitational tournament in September of 1976. I have a proposed charwoman.

MacLean's: What do you work for, in whom do you report?

Esposito: The federal government. Hockey Canada is an arm of the Department of National Health and Welfare which is responsible to the House of Commons.

I HAVE NO SYMPATHY FOR THE OWNERS . . . IF THEY'RE HURTING, LET THEM GET OUT



MacLean's: One of the conditions I would be fine if you took the job was that I'm not compensated a lot of red tape. I want somebody to say "There's the target. You negotiate your own goals, satisfy the players and you'll clean the goals." And a certain amount of people with being able to do that to do that. I think it's not sensible, but I'm pretty certain we'll do it. I intend to do a lot of research because I know I'm president of the Ontario Conservative Party and it would be easy for him to say he doesn't want to deal with someone who's obviously politically compromised. Doing Esposito, who's the chairman of Hockey Canada, as a community stamp, and he could have been stamp of my motives because a lot of people are saying that I'm going to use the tournament to further my political career. That's the last thing I have in mind. So I'm hoping enough to do that that there may be obvious benefits to it if this thing comes off.

Not naive enough to think there's anything in it for me. Though I can see as leverage for something at some future time. But that's not what I have in my head. I said it in 1972 when we came back from playing the Russians. I wanted to see a

world cup as hockey satellite to the world cup tournament. Everybody laughed, but they laughed in '70 when I said I wanted to play the Russians and that came off in '72. I sensed for '76, I predicted '76, and my prediction is right in schedule so far.

MacLean's: You have some doubts?

Esposito: Well, the first doubt was because of what happened in '72. I was very doubtful that the federal government would appoint me as anything because of my problems with the Russians, and yet two years later two things became obvious as a result of that series. Number one, the players were with me 100%. Number two, the respect, the friendship and their loyalty because I gave them a chance. Secondly the Russians knew that I wasn't a guy they could double cross with. In 1974, we Canadians went across over there that year and played. They knew that they weren't tough they're not the players behind them to the same extent I did, and they didn't have the credibility on the ice.

MacLean's: They didn't have your touch?

Esposito: With the Russians "touch" isn't the word I'm looking for. They didn't stand honest, but tough, harpooning. You consider doing that to yourself, yet they're honest and straight as an arrow if you get the ground rules straight from the start. In 1974 I went back to Russia as a sponsor expecting them to be very nasty and monstrous, yet they laid the carpet out. The white owners were sitting up in blazers and I was in front row centre. I don't think it was so much because they liked me, as that they knew they wanted to play the NHL again, to play our best, and they knew that somewhere along the line I would be some kind of key.

MacLean's: Where are the players going to come from for the '76 tournament?

Esposito: The best teams that Canada has to offer will be the members of this team. I don't care if they're with the WHA and with the Central League, the Western League, the minor leagues, the amateur leagues.

MacLean's: You are obviously planning the tournament with a view to the future. What are the changes that it could bring to a World Cup?

Esposito: My agreement with the Russians, the Czechs and the Swedes is that it will be looked upon as a trial tournament, just to see what happens and I have asked nothing beyond '76 and considered nothing beyond '76. The International Ice Hockey Federation feels they already have a world tournament. What I said to them is that Canada and the United States cannot put their best players forward. They're finding out now that Sweden and Finland fall into the same category.

MacLean's: Are the players going to be paid?

Esposito: There will be a financial payment based on order of finish. It will be a single game round robin, and the better you play the more you will earn. The ultimate beneficiary of this will be amateur

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hockey in Canada and the passes fluids of the wax and salt, propulsive with the motion of glycerin involved from each separation.

Melchers: Let's turn to you. What would you be doing now if you hadn't been associated with Bobby?

Engelstein: Well, I think I might be in the Glengarry Legion, because I was a steward in 1963. In 1967, I lost a 1,400 or 2,000 votes, after having won by 3,000. Some alternative might have been considered involvement in the legislature, maybe in the provincial cabinet. But that is all I would have. I know I'd be practicing law. I was a reasonably competent lawyer. I think my law training has taught me to think on my feet and to appear to be answering a question quickly when in fact I'm thinking while I get the right answer ready.

Take the owners. They may not like me but I enjoy their respect. I can sit with the new owner who doesn't have a bourgeois point of view like me. Some of my good friends—not good friends, some people with whom I fit along very well—own or manage hockey teams. Look at Sam Pollock, who is one of Canada's foremost authorities on Canadian art, a good friend. Ed Snyder, Bill Wirtz, the owner of Philadelphia and Chicago. Harold Balfour—I was his partner, along with Bobby Orr in the '72 series. We make sure that somebody didn't make an end-run and claim Hockey Canada as my money.

Melchers: A gentleman by the name of Bob Wolfe is liaison to you regarding any action you're a party to. Is he part of it?

Engelstein: If he ever was, I was a guarantee he would be gone. If he was still around he'd be off the record, hence, hence. I know that Bob Wolfe is afraid of me, and if he ever said that about me, he knows that wouldn't stand him in very good stead in my books. He comes to see for advice with respect to his clients. If he's curious, then the players have an obvious alternative. They don't have to hear me. I'd go seeking business. Bob Wolfe solves my clients; that's why he gets paid as a fee.

Melchers: What if your corporation is with your clients? Do you charge a fee, a percent age?

Engelstein: People ask me if I can help them, and we sit down at the end of every contract and strike a fee that's fair. We talk about it, and once I agree on what I think the figure is—they have two choices: pay for my pay or, on the understanding that it's not acceptable, they walk out. They've got their contract negotiated, but don't bother me ever again. Now in all my history this has never happened.

Melchers: How many players do you actually represent?

Engelstein: I would say—and I'm passing because I don't know exactly—between 120 and 150.

Melchers: What would be the average fee for players?

Engelstein: You can't do it that categorically. Sometimes it involves people

other than players. Karen Magnussen is an example. We have been able to help Karen earn in excess of half-a-million dollars, and I don't think we billed her any more than \$3,000 or \$4,000. But in the case of Bobby Orr, it's a very big business, and it involves a lot of work and it pays a high fee for my services. I don't play hockey for long, but I keep my eye on the other filters, the universities, mostly with Orr. I'm aware that a big corporation trying to help him along the path of life that's one way I would expect to look after my son if he was being



'OUR WRITES HIS OWN CHEQUES, BUT I HAVE A RUNNING COMMENTARY ON EVERY ONE'

doing something that requires a lot of attention. If Bobby Orr had to go through what I have to go through on his behalf, he would have a difficult and a lot of his hockey. He writes all his own cheques, but I have a running commentary of every cheque he writes. His association is my association and he keeps an eye on Bobby.

Melchers: Can you tell me the change you've made in this here in the work locker?

Engelstein: The players' association is first and foremost representing of individual players. The international hockey team is on the board of Hockey Canada and vice-chairman of an international committee. I talk to, I would guess, 10 to 15 amateur hockey players a week, players who are having a problem with their organization. I don't charge any fee for work I do for amateurs. I'll even take the club into paying me a retainer fee of \$10,000. I've just about it. But for a parent to be worried about a 12-year-old being prevented from playing hockey because he lives 40 feet away from the dividing line—that type of problem I am generally sensitive with a phone call. It is the secretary of Bobby Orr Enterprises. It's a company that supplies

or sardonics products, public appearances, it is the holder of all the shares of a hockey entity in Griffin that does 2,500 player weeks year at \$150-\$180 a week. It is involved in such things as the Friends-Melchers All Right.

Melchers: What would you estimate is your usual income from hockey?

Engelstein: I make this look of my income from presenting now. I'm very happy with my income, but I think it's a private matter. I have a myriad of companies. I have a lot of sports companies. I have a lot of hockey and sports companies. I have Orr Enterprises, for example, 15 to 20 people, in addition to the people we employ at the hockey camp, so it's not a simple matter. The gross income is not public but the gross revenues from hockey, I suppose, are about \$350,000-\$400,000 a year. I practice a lot. I do a lot of consulting work, a lot of negotiations for such companies as Vickers & Benson, the major Canadian advertising agency, for Standard Brands, a major Canadian company. These companies here are because I can relate something to their welfare. I charge a high fee. I've got no complaints. I've got a big mortgage on a big house and I hope to pay off my big mortgage.

Melchers: Can you name someone who has more clout in hockey in North America than you have?

Engelstein: Clout is a word a lot of people use. It's a word that would suggest that I throw my weight around in the hockey scene. I think I can honestly say that I know of no one whom the players have more trust in than me. As it would, with their support, can have a significant impact on the future of hockey. But I'm not a manipulator. I do have a strong following. I'm not going to be a manipulator. I feel that the philosophy with the players' association from the start. The going going. I've referred two or three times and they've always discredited any offer. So my deal with them is this: I'll stay as long as you want me, as long as I can help you. I enjoy the players' association work because it's the kind of bargaining I like. What's all over you can sit down and have a drink. It reminds me so much of the practice of law. It's difficult for the public to understand, but the other guy's an opponent until the case is over and then you go back to being friends. I can be mean with a customer but when the negotiations are over you can go back to where you were.

Patrick Lalonde took the position in 1967 that since he'd been there ahead of me the players' association had to be last and therefore I was bad. The men speak for themselves. A lot of players like Max Bentley, Doug Bentley, Stu Apps, Rocket Rathbun, they were underpaid. Conn Smythe made a lot of money out of hockey. The Molson family had sold the Montreal Canadiens to the Bruins for a fortune of money. The Norris family had made a lot of money out of hockey. The Adams made millions out of hockey. The Bruins I don't know

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'MY GUESS IS I COULD HAVE CAMPBELL'S JOB IF I SOUGHT IT. I'VE TURNED IT DOWN ONCE

say sympathetically. The owners are poor now, but they didn't give out any extra bonuses when they were making tons of money. If they're hurting now, let them get out of the business.

Bushman: What do you think of the Bruins rule, *spreading of concern?*

Hopkins: Master of business. The old owners were in broadcasting. They used the Bruins, in my opinion, to improve their television ratings on channel 35. It turned the television station around. They did a dividend strip that cleaned the Bruins out of cash. They walked out with a astronomical-dollar profit for three or four years. The new people are connoisseurs, and I think they'll make their ultimate dollar by the fact that they now own the best-talented, highest-quality in the NHL. Now, these new owners are wise for the ability to run operations. I'm not concerned about that they have the ability to run a hockey franchise. The negotiations with them have been reasonable. There seems to be some concern over Bébête Orr's health be-

cause he happened to have been operated upon. Bébête's comment that he knee will be all right because the doctors have told him so if he's wrong, we've punished and lost. But it's not the game when you have to invent the financial stability that Bébête has. He's day-to-day, not month-to-month. I think he's a good owner or Bébête and his partner. If Orr has a healthy will be a decision to make that will be very simple. "Isn't that tough? I'm going to have to remain from hockey and get away from this rat race and return to my hockey camp and have to wash two months of the year instead of 12?" He has no financial problems still. His only problem would be winding himself that life can go on without playing hockey.

Bushman: Would you want Claverton Campbell's job?

Hopkins: I've turned it down in the past, and my guess is that I would have it if I caught it. I have not the least interest in it, however. I made my choice at 1987 when I was a young, bush-league guy who was recruited by the Springfield Indians and I said the side of the player and I'll stick to the player. I've turned down the offer to be president of the wits. I could have any association that's made available to me, always, like the Candy Striper, would say "Remember the guy that brought you?" "What's next?" I've had discussions with people who have fathomed me—the players I am quite happy. I have more fun talking with the players than talking to the owners

and, as the fellow says, "There are a lot more players than owners."

Bushman: Then you're not interested in running your own team or owning your own team?

Hopkins: Not in the least. There are a lot of factors in my life. I enjoy my family, I enjoy my political involvement. I'm a member of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Party and have been since '66. There will be another election in '76, and my guess is that I'll seek re-election, because I know that I can continue the view of the little guy. The always restaurants one thing, that I was a little guy in high school, and for that reason I've never approached a bully. You never have a fight with a little guy, because you can't win, even if you beat him. With the players' association we've the little guy against the big guy. Our biggest problem is to make sure that we don't become the Gehalt. Unfortunately, by success #6 by a series of events I find myself now out on a Gehalt role rather than a Dacalona. I don't like it, but I have to tolerate it, and that's why I have to soften the attitude of some players who don't realize that the public is not sympathetic to us. We are the players' association in the sense as to the players' interests during the day. I think we've got it now that that's on the head and not in the back and that we're as important as they are. I don't want to see the dog staring to walk backward to appose the about.

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Letters

Fighting the odds in Quebec

I disagree with Thomas van Dusen's opening statement (Letter, October 6) that "There is a kind of mass born of mass frustration to which masses born of people are subject. They want to do their own thing in their own language, to be masters of their own destiny. The only difficulty is that most of this is possible for the French Canadians, not for the Irish, not for the Ukrainians in Russia. It is impossible because it implies negation or ignorance that there are other people in the world, one is not alone, and one must accommodate."

Let me add the example of the Irish (who should not be included in the list of their country is a sovereign republic) the last could be extended to include the Basques, Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, Greeks, Scots and Tibetans. All these people have been, some time or another, by force or other means incorporated into a larger political union and stripped of any effective political autonomy.

They were not, as Van Dusen says, remnants of other people in the world. Indeed most were proudly aware of others as they noted that peoples in France, Sweden, Norway, Germany, England, Denmark and Canada in Africa were allowed to speak their own languages and to control their own destinies mediated only by international agreements.

Van Dusen's reasoning would have been more sound had he noted that it is the Russians who will not accommodate the Ukrainians nor vice versa. Over a long period the Russians have formulated policies designed to deny the Ukrainians the use of their own language and, the

person of their own culture by attempting to impose Russian on their Ukraine, of course it is not a part of Russia but part of the USSR.

Irish Prime Minister Harold Wilson recently demanded the unification as soon as possible as a way up others. Shortly after repudiating claims from Scottish nationalists that they should control the oil off the Scottish coast, Wilson suggested to the European Economic Community that Britain should have control over and a share of the oil reserves, because there were other people in the world, one is not alone, and one must accommodate.

ROBERT H. BAKER, OTTAWA, ONTARIO

A perfect ending

Heeding the call of Candy Taylor, Bonna's Way To Be Perfect (October 6), All we need for a happy life is the love story of Art Phillips ending up in the matinée world and Candy Taylor ending up on W7 singing You're Always My Baby.

BERT BARKETT, KAMLOOPS, BC

Misplaced trust

Peter Newman in *The Hundred-Million Dollar Club* (October 6) very succinctly, albeit inaccurately, points the chairman's point regarding the risks. The chairman says that "Makienko also holds 13% of Huson and Eric Mortgage Corporation and its subsidiary, Canada Trust Company, controls Canadian General Insurance and Toronto General Insurance." Makienko has had any connection or association with Canadian General Insurance or Toronto General Insurance for more than 30 years. In addition my husband does not hold 13% or even 1% of Huson and Eric Mortgage Corporation. The 13%

Editor's Note

Bronze of immigration crisis between Manitoba's Oromos, Somalis and Torontonians, our profile of Justice Minister Ron Basford (Remember it's queer him as being too change the date) in fact says "We guess Basford 'My personal view, I believe, is on who you are you're not.' There should have been brackets around 'Whom you' as that was the writer's comment. Similarly Basford did not say he 'was always opposed to the reachable' perhaps. *Transpo* — The "People's Transpo" was the writer's view and should have been bracketed. To the new Justice Minister, we and the press is apologetic.

To see a world in a grain of sand...

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start is Huson, and Eric Mortgage Corporation is held by a publicly owned investment fund which has more than 2,000 shareholders. Mr. Van chairman of the trust. There is a definite difference. MIKE MANSELL, C.G. MCGREGOR, TORONTO

I am a friend and admirer of Stephen Roman, chairman of Dennis Mann Ltd. and member of Peter Newman's The Hundred-Million Dollar Club. I think the references to Roman are the most bizarre absence of journalistic practice I have ever witnessed. In the brief section on Roman, Newman weaves over-simplifications, facts and common sense out of context, and incorrect conclusions into a presentation of a man's personality and interests that, I feel, is inaccurate and unfair.

For example, Newman views Roman's entry into electronic publishing in 1972 and 1974 as Roman "trying to collect on the prestige of a cultural post." This is a totally erroneous conclusion and does not reflect the motivations that Roman clearly expressed when he entered publishing. Then Roman's friendship for and past support of former U.S. President Richard Nixon is presented as a valid form of pedigree to present his case. The article also fails to describe the reasons for Roman's original support for Nixon. The comment that "Traders turned down" his (Roman's) scheme to sell Dennis" is, again, a gross oversimplification of a most complicated financial arrangement. Contrary to the tone of Newman's comment, the sale would have resulted in a Canadian company gaining operational control of a substantial American firm.

It is unfortunate that Maclean's appears to have sacrificed accuracy and fairness for readability and conciseness.

RON FOLK, RICHMOND HILL, ONT

1. Venezuela: Spring 1980, Wild Boar. 2. Indonesia: Great Barrier Reef, Australia. 3. Blue-faced Leafbird, Kenya. 4. Common Shelduck, Philippines. 5. African Penguin, South Africa. 6. Parrot-tipped Puffin, E. Falkland Islands. 7. King Penguin, S. Atlantic. 8. Magpie, New Zealand. 9. Southern Alpine Falcon, S. Africa. 10. Green Tree Frog, Fiji. 11. Hornbill, Maluku Islands. 12. Yellow-faced Parrot, Philippines. 13. Red-tailed Tropicbird, Hawaii. 14. Spotted-necked Owl, Thailand. 15. Banded Kingfisher, Philippines.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a red dress and a pearl necklace, is smiling and leaning against a white horse. The background is a soft-focus outdoor setting.

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Preview

THE LATEST OLYMPICS PANIC: CON IS THE NAME OF THE GAME

Behind all the smoke over the 5 possible non-completion of the stadium for Montreal's 1976 Olympics, there is more likely to be a tragedy not than a fire. And the "confrontation" between Quebec Solstice-General Fernand Lévesque—who said there was no way the 70,000-seat, \$400-million stadium could be completed by July—and games commission-general Roger Rousseau—who said alternative arrangements were out of the question—may have been merely a烟幕 (smoke). The idea would be essentially to create a game situation that would clear the way for another construction committee to be brought in or an ad-

ministration of a yet-to-be-named new provincial authority, to be called either Population or Human Resources. By coupling immigration with manpower, some social services and some education, the province will attack its zero population growth on a number of fronts. It's expected, for example, that hub houses will be increased, to make family more intensive again, and that improvement will be made in the last-mile distribution system

On the immigration side, the province will arm itself with Washington in January and, using a formula with Ford and using the U.S.-style Strategic Adjustment approach, Ford will benefit politically, because through it will come good works before the New Hampshire Presidential primaries, and so will Rousseau, at the twenty-third Party Congress in February, where the strategy will be to play up the foreign policy successes of the incoming leader. Schlesinger's catastrophe, but Russia's new "Buckie" bombers will be included in the 2,400 nuclear weapons each nation is allowed under the proposed agreement—and that new American Cruise missiles Rousseau has apparently held up for signing for months

annual cost of \$100 million to put the stadium completed. Considering the kind of buckshot that is building against the nearly one-billion-dollar cost of the games, it would not have been polite to go about acquiring the vast money in the normal way. The guess is that if anything is sacrificed in the cause of saving face and money, it will be the unnamed stadium tower and/or the convertible roof, neither of which is needed for the games.

The SALT is running President Ford's "Sunday Morning Massacre" specifically the dropping of defense secretary James Schlesinger, may very well bring the stage for a successful—once immobilized—convention to the province and an exodus of Quebecers become a cause for alarm. It has not just a fear of depopulation but there a fear of the dwindling and disappearance of the French East. The response to all this has been the



Breakfast a pillar of SALT

legal, Nato and military hardware out of the picture, the scenario should unfold something like this: Soviet Communist Party leader Leonid Brezhnev will visit Washington in January and, using a formula with Ford and using the U.S.-style Strategic Adjustment approach, Ford will benefit politically, because through it will come good works before the New Hampshire Presidential primaries, and so will Rousseau, at the twenty-third Party Congress in February, where the strategy will be to play up the foreign policy successes of the incoming leader. Schlesinger's catastrophe, but Russia's new "Buckie" bombers will be included in the 2,400 nuclear weapons each nation is allowed under the proposed agreement—and that new American Cruise missiles Rousseau has apparently held up for signing for months

Clang, clang, clang... A whole generation of Yankees has grown up with never having seen or experienced the American causes of course they've visited Toronto or one of the handful of American cities where attractions still stand. But in January the site will be considered SALT's principal affairs minister James Lester will have a speech on display in sobering form. He is not aiming off on a tangent—the week German-built steelers sit for days from the checkers-shakers of yore—but is strumming so well Vancouver on the theorbo in the public transit system of the future. Eight women, city politicians are already planning

Yodels—your couch? For most of Canada's 11 million Quebecois included was a national joke or a national scandal, depending on the point of view. Quebec had the lowest birthrate in the country and that, in comparison with a more mobile French-speaking immigration to the province and an exodus of Quebecers become a cause for alarm. It has not just a fear of depopulation but there a fear of the dwindling and disappearance of the French East. The response to all this has been the

establishment of a yet-to-be-named new provincial authority, to be called either Population or Human Resources. By coupling immigration with manpower, some social services and some education, the province will attack its zero population growth on a number of fronts. It's expected, for example, that hub houses will be increased, to make family more intensive again, and that improvement will be made in the last-mile distribution system

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Hockey Night in Limbo When the special lights for color television were installed in Maple Leaf Gardens back in the late States, there was a dispute as to who would pay for them. *Hockey Night in Canada* (the arm of Maclean's Advertising that handles the television or the Gardens) Harold Ballard settled the matter by walking up to the MacLaren man, sucking a double-breath and, smiling, said: "You have five minutes to decide who pays." MacLaren responded immediately: "Well, if that's the kind of cable you like, go ahead." MacLaren decided and paid. But Ballard won't be able to settle his score with *Hockey Night in Canada* to easily next month he's down to a night or two a new television can meet for *Lafont* games and he's going to be demanding substantially more than the current \$1.5 million per year. *Hockey Night* has been paying for the past five years Ballard and three years ago he wanted \$1.5 million a year.

There is some speculation that *Hockey Night* won't pay what Ballard wants. Or it's *Sgt. Pepper* ratings, a carbunk from one game a week to one, and increased production costs may dictate that. And two of those sponsors, Imperial Oil and Molson's are seriously wondering whether it's worth it



Streetcar scene, many years ago, before subways came...

range of agreements that has left older veterans apathetic. For example, allowing separation outside of barracks is purely voluntary. Inmates remain no longer have to get a ban on even a senior officer's visit, as a military regulation banning have become standard use for men who are working with machinery.

Working hours have been cut back as much as extent that a current joke has it the Dutch defense ministry has ordered potential enemies to delay attacks planned between 5 p.m. Friday and 8 a.m. Monday since there would be no resistance. Hence no real fear. In spite of the personal liberties and easier working conditions the unions have delivered to consumers there is a general agreement even among some leaders that Dutch soldiers rank second to none in the allied forces.

Perhaps it was this fact that helped the besieged defense minister to defend his budget in parliament. Vredeling pointed out that the Belgian army spends \$215 per capita on defense annually, and then argued that the Belgian defense budget was only \$350 per capita, and the Dutch spent only \$161 per capita to uphold the Douglas defense minister last fall. To

achieve a peaceful settlement he reluctantly announced that Neptunus will fly again and that the navy's pride and joy will be held in reserve for another 24 months and no new crews replace her. For the time being, Vredeling is hopeful the airship above The Hague will remain clear—and quiet.

BILL MASTERSMAN

THE SAHARA

For Allah and country

In 102,000 square miles are largely desolate wastelands which for centuries have defied even the simplest forms of plant life. The crenel shapes of its sand dunes provide the only relief from its flat and oppressive surface. In this barren setting this month, two nations arranged their sharply differing forces of waiting for the final confrontation. Massed at the border of the Spanish Sahara were some 300,000 Moroccan troops, some with copies of the Koran, thousands of Morocco's green flags and the fanatic desire to isolate the Sahara from their leader, King Hassan II.

The human armada was impeded, however, by the power of its huge numbers. Fixing down some 15 kilometers away was the Spanish army, 15,000 strong and headed by the tough Spanish legion, reinforced by some 10,000 and more field Spanish military leaders warned the Moroccans through General General De Salazar that Hassan's dervishes would not be permitted to pass "even one more" beyond the military line. Yet even as an advance column of 40,000 Moroccans bypassed the Spanish garrisons the fears of world leaders were lessened by the knowledge that neither side wanted a

showdown. The major question was whether a diplomatic breakdown by either side or a massacre on the field could trigger an out-break of violence that might prove impossible to control. That fighting possibility was recognized by both sides. At the UN Security Council aged Hassan to stop the march the Moroccan King declared the march would continue and "will not depart for a moment from its peaceful character." At the same time Moroccan officials pledged they would continue to move their civilian legions even if high casualties were inflicted on them unless Spain agreed to negotiations. For instigation of the Saharans' Andalusian element of tension was raised by Algeria which marched troops along its 10-mile Saharan border. Hassan greeted their move with a tirade warning the Moroccan army and audience would be hard ready to retaliate against any attacks from "foreigners."

At stake is one of the world's major phosphate deposits buried below the desert sand. Rearing quickly Spain



Morocco's crusaders: to them it's a holy quest; to their king, buried treasures

has staked its resources on a large stake, even buying the German firm of Krupp to build a 50-mile transporter hub from the mine at El Aaiun, a newly built port at El Aaiun. To Hassan, control of the mine is like Krupp's a newly built port at El Aaiun. To Hassan, control of the Sahara depends would mean virtual global domination of the essential fertilizer ingredient. Morocco already controls more than 60% of phosphate trade and Hassan has already quadrupled the price of rock to \$88 a ton. Even so Spain was prepared in principle to relinquish its 93-year old rule over the area and hand over the desert to Morocco and Mauritania providing both nations would give Madrid some \$400 million for investments in the areas. Algeria opposes any change in sovereignty and is demanding that the 73,000 inhabitants of the Sa-

hara—mainly nomadic Berbers—determine their destiny independently. Fully expecting the Saharans would choose independence and sever a pro-Algerian government.

For Morocco's feudal king, the outcome of the march is crucial for personal reasons. His country is suffering from high unemployment and widespread poverty. Hassan has already been the target of three assassination attempts and the country's growing left-wing party poses a serious threat to his throne. A successful deal with Spain for control of the area would fortify his power. But a frustrated march could mean the end of his rule. Spain's Juan Carlos is in an equally difficult bind. Beset with internal political problems, a diplomatic crisis abroad and the still unconfirmed business of assuming ill Castile's power, Carlos must ensure that whatever agreement is eventually reached with Morocco, Spain's pride and power will not be compromised. Moreover, the 37-year-old prince knows that Spaniards are watching his performance

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Beneath the sheltering palms

WELCOME TO GRAND CAYMAN,
SUNNY REFUGE FROM
WINTER'S ICY BLASTS AND THE
TAX MAN'S PRYING EYES

By Walter Stewart

On the Caribbean Island of Grand Cayman along the road from George Town to West Bay stands one of the loveliest bank buildings in captivity: long and low and sparkling white, it has a Spanish mission-style roof and a porch that looks out over the lights. It looks like the kind of bank where it would be a pleasure to do business, but also the merry-go-round of the earlier 1987 weather please. For owing "to gross from nowakite the shark of con from on south and a gap in the driveway paddles that the official answer will be happy to have had to the job. It was here at Interbank House, headquarters for Montreal Jean Desot, that a small dark cloud appeared in the sunny blue skies of the tax haven system: a front of tax avoidance which even Canadians as much as one billion dollars a year.

Desot came here in the 1960s and began a frenetic campaign to sell the tax haven dream to world investors, telling them they could stash money out foreign trusts and pay no taxes on the profits or

they paid up. It sounded foolproof but Desot proved it was not. By late 1972 his banks, International Bank and Sterling Trust, had paper worth close to \$45 million, but less than five million dollars of it was real. The remainder had gone on what Desot called "a massive alleged to prevent tooth decay—dramatic real estate ventures and staggering promotional costs. Desot, a sharp man with a tour for the good life, gave \$75,000 parties here the more—Ladonians from the know, a happy concert and even Don Ferguson—bowed dutifully to wash down the caviar and codfish radish. He paid around the world in a rented Lear, Indian ocean dinner parties at \$400 a crack, he even made a move to sing the glories of tax dodging. The depositors had no idea what was happening in their money, and neither did investors (no returns tax free, the offshore dollars are operated normally through blind trusts, and September, 1973, when that runtransposed a run on the banks the vaults produced a hollow echo and the reserves closed in).

By the time the official machinery was set in motion, Desot had descended to Monte Carlo Monaco and there was not much his bankers could do but join in the chariot's lament, written for the occasion and chanted gleefully: "Where did my money go?" Desot may reasonably have concluded the Monte Carlo was a safe haven, but in the 1973 treaty from 1967 links Monaco with the British Crown Colony of Grand Cayman, and the tax advisor packed his handbag and a warrant and finished the badgering banker back. He died in George Town on 24 counts of fraudulent conversion—he pleaded not

Off the beaten track—will have years ago

been

George Desot, who made the Interbank famous, passed in this spot inside Interbank. The money went, and so did he.

guilty last month—will rivel the intention of Grand Cayman for months but it probably won't prove foolproof as a tax haven operation. "Nobody wants to get caught," says a local government official. "A lot of the money that disappeared had been whisked away from its customers, in Canada and everywhere, and you won't and the customers jumping up to complain. Besides the whole business might properly be charged with fraudulent conversion, and Desot's crime—if he continued that enterprising pro-fidelity into misappropriation rip off.

Grand Cayman is the current darling of the tax haven system, a tiny island (22

miles long and eight wide) added to the string of plums like Switzerland, Luxembourg, the Bahamas, Israel and Hong Kong that have made a business of helping people to pile up taxes beyond the reach of the collectors. The Cayman Islands Handbook makes much of the right, since the day is straight-on the taxman. "Taxes are the scourge of the 20th century," says W. W. Webster, 1976 popular political polemic. "The tax rates are akin to the assessments of the hated papal tax collectors of ancient Rome. It is a moral instinct to protect what you have who the thief be a robber or a tax collector."

Of course for every dollar that is diverted beyond the reach of the Department of National Revenue, some other taxpayer probably not so rich or conniving or so well connected, must give up another dollar to balance the national books. The labours who work the asphalt for Algoma Steel in Hamilton or iron ore for Macmillan Bloedel in St. John's or parks and for Conoco Brothers in the Maldives, or the man who does his accounting pays the bill for those who do. The banks that are the most prosperous and solvent can help the process if they provide the services can be lent and shill the money from nation to nation with no questions asked. There are 386 banks and trust companies in Grand Cay-

man, one for every 62 people and the list includes all the top Canadian banks except Toronto-Dominion. As one official of the Bank of Montreal, which has subsidiaries in several tax havens, told me: "We are not in the business of helping Canadians to hide their money. We are helping Canadians to hide their money." Even if that were true I cast my vote that was required was one German bank for Canadians to hide it, and a Canadian bank for Germans to hide it, and all the others could be served. He replied: "You have a cynical view of human nature."

Cayman comes early on Grand Cayman which has a population of just under 12,000 people and 5,000 registered corpo-



Left and lower right, fine examples of Canada's contribution to the Cayman's impressive international collection; at 1990 fourth and trust companies; at top right, there in the local "sheaf bank," and its Montreal-born chairman is currently facing 24 criminal counts of involved conversion.



Beautiful downtown

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at top right, there in the local "sheaf bank," and its Montreal-born chairman is currently

facing 24 criminal counts of involved conversion.

Finest

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Interior & exterior, see page

parents, most of which consist of nothing more than a plaque on a wall—a card in the Register of Corporate Office and a trust agreement. They make a lot of money. Nobody knows how much—not knowing is one of the things they do best on Grand Cayman—and they pay no taxes whatever. A Canadian citizen can set up a Caymanian company for a government fee of \$900

(U.S.) and annual fees of \$40. As long as it makes no money somewhere else—say, Japan or Europe or back home in Canada—it will pay no taxes. He can even, for \$445, set up an exempted company, which involves a guarantee that it makes ever are established on the island he will be exempt for up to 30 years. The only information he is required to file is an annual statement that the operations of the company have been mainly outside the Cayman Islands and that he hasn't broken the Companies Law. No one knows what goes on inside these companies, but experts such as Leon Macmillan, a Winnipeg lawyer and authority on tax havens, are suspicious. "Why is everything concealed?" he asks. "It isn't for privacy. It's to help people cheat. Public disclosure would cripple all the rest."

There are now more than 15,000 partnerships in operation (the last is growing) and an estimated 155,000 individuals whose names are piled up profits in them. Asked whether the offshore companies shell out every year to make up for the taxes that avoided, a senior official of the Department of National Revenue in Ottawa laughs a bittersweet laugh. "God knows," he says. "We don't even have the information to make a solid guess." So far, about \$10 million has been recovered from the few cases that have been tried. But these are "just the tip of the iceberg, so they say." In fact, estimates in Ottawa have ranged from \$30 million to one billion dollars an-

ually, but they are always off-the-record guesses. "We know we are being fleeced, but we don't know where, by whom or by how much."

Tax havens have become a new industry with their own ground rules—"bullet point 30" is the first, their own international conference even a magazine and newsletter. This year, there was a world fair of tax havens, for which the \$1750 registration fee would probably be a deductible expense. There are dodges and shuffles. Some are legal, some shade the line between legality and illegality; some are downright crooked. The experts suspect that the dishonest crooked ones outnumber all others, but who knows?

It is legal to set up a trust in Grand Cayman to stash money there and let a trustee invest it for profit. As long as the "rent and dividends" of the company remain offshore, no tax is paid. If the profits are brought back to Canada, they may attract tax depending on how they are reported and whether anybody ever finds out. "The simplest technique," says a Toronto banker with offshore experience, "is to fly down, write a cheque on your company there and bring back the cash. The bank isn't going to tell on you, so what's to know?" Even if tax is eventually paid, economists calculate that a tax deferred for 10 years is tax avoided, since the accrued interest pays the shot.

It is shades the line between legality

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sham banks. In all, the fees, kickbacks and related charges come to \$33,168,698. After the coop went into receivership in 1971 and a government inquiry got a peek into the books, the real value of this work was calculated to be about four million dollars—the other \$29 million was simply a tax-free fraud that should have attracted Canadian taxes of \$14 or \$12 million.

What is more, it should have been discovered in 1968, an auditor for the Department of National Revenue was investigating another Kasser tax-haven deal, in which Kasser was illustrated through a Montreal-based firm for a pharmaceuticals company. All the profits went to Kasser's Swiss and accounting operations they couldn't

**'WHY IS EVERYTHING
CONCEALED? IT
ISN'T FOR PRIVACY,
IT'S TO HELP
PEOPLE CHEAT'**

answer. Had he been allowed to pursue the case, he would almost certainly have discovered that one of the same companies was involved in the Manitoba deal. Instead, he was apparently pulled off the case. Why? According to a senior official in the tax avoidance division in Ottawa: "There is no way of knowing for sure that we had a reason the case when we chose to make the connection. You're dealing in speculation." The speculations consist of the testimony of Alain Bissoneau, Kasser's Montreal lawyer, before the Manitoba inquiry. Bissoneau read the following gems from his own office memo of mid-1968: "The inspector was around — it seems definite that they want to talk to someone in authority . . . we may have to discharge A. K. [Kasser], probably Canadian tax department will take care . . . and then they know A. K. on Trudeau's part [the key item in the Manitoba deal]. . . It is obvious from the memo that Kasser quickly told the Canadian tax department what he knew to be conclusive that both Code and Code and Canacorp [two other Kasser enterprises] are sham corporations — there will be a thorough investigation."

The file was closed. The Manitoba rip-off stayed buried until Harry Gorkind, assistant deputy minister of National Revenue, saw it in 1973. "We are not at all proud of the role we played in the Kasser deal . . . by the time we were sure of what was happening, the man was gone, the money was gone and there was no way to get either of them back."

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to net, which is just what happened to the tax collectors after one of the firm's transactions. The effect of the deal was to shift \$17.5 million around the exchequer of the Steagran empire until it wound up back where it started, shedding more than one million dollars in taxes on the way. The transaction saved the company tax on the interest on the loans, not on the whole \$17.5 million, which was capital, on which no tax had already been paid, and not income. The Tax Review Board ruled last fall that the deal was legal, although Lucas Cardoso, who wrote the judgment, said that he was "concerned with the overall result of the course of transactions."

First there is Steagran-Sangamo, the grandfather corporation which owns all the others. Call it A. Then there is Dorkin Corporation Limited, which acts as a banker and clearing house for A. As off spring, Call it B. Then there is Thomas and Associates, call it C, which doesn't do it myself, but from other companies such as British Columbia Drydock, Call it D. Then there is Centaury Distillers, call it E, an offshore company and family California Investors, call it F, which lives with Centaury in Nassau and looks after the risks of empire.

The play began and ended on December 22, 1966. At that day down the road \$4,286,850 in C and \$13,460,600 in D invested \$17,747,556. That same day C and D paid dividends to A of \$17 million. A in turn loaned \$17 million to E. E bought \$17 million worth of stock in F, which, among other things, raised its risk rating. F loaned \$17.5 million and B paid off C and D. All this before the net was down. Now Brownd \$17.5 million to F offshore. Over the next three years B paid \$2,567,400 on the loan, all of which was deducted from its Canadian tax. Then the money came back home again to the re-

**"YOU FLY DOWN, WRITE
A CHEQUE, AND BRING
BACK THE CASH. WHO'S
GOING TO TELL ON
YOU? WHO'S TO KNOW?"**

shareholders from F (minus a small withholding tax).

The Tax Review Board, while finding that all the moves resulted in a "considerable" tax saving, couldn't find anything illegal about it and struck down a revenue department attempt to collect. The case is being appealed to the federal court.

Hands Across The Water Suppose you could work out a dodge in which your auntie Doreen bought all your clothes, you paid her far more than they were worth, she sent you back the extra, and then you wrote the whole thing off as a tax deduction. Dominion Bridge Company Limited worked the corporate version of such a ploy but in

"From Montreal to the steaming Amazon jungle, my Maytag has never let me down," writes Mrs. Thériault.



Mrs. Thériault, Mr. Marc Thériault, Alain, E. Daniel, E. Justine, S.

"In 11 years of brutally hard work, it has seldom had a repair."

"My husband is an electrical engineer and in 1968, when we left for Brazil, we took along our Maytag Washer," writes Mrs. Liliane Thériault, Montreal, Que.

"There in the Brazilian bush it was used daily by the local Amerindians in addition to continuing to wash for our family. I estimate it did about 15 or 16 loads a week those 3 years.

"In 1971 we brought it back to Montreal, where it is still serving us. My Maytag is now 11 years old, but despite all the travel and hard use, it has had few repairs."

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THE WHOLE ISLAND MIGHT PROPERLY BE CHARGED LIKE, DOUCET, FOR FRAUDULENT CONVERSION

May of this year the federal court denounced it with such harsh words as "shame" and "utter aversion." The case is under appeal.

On April 22, 1966, Dominion Bridge set up Sipax International Limited in Nassau to buy shares in the Canadian company. Sipax paid up capital stock issues to 20 shareholders and a week later took the final, short, firm name. From 1966 through 1969, Sipax claimed a profit of 10% off its sales in Dominion Bridge, a total of \$3,514,629 written off the Canadian tax bill, transferred abroad. That brought back home by tax-free dividends. The revenue department finally got wind of the scheme and the case went up in the federal court, which held that Sipax was a "puppet in the hands of Dominion Bridge." The Canadian company was obliged to pay nearly two million dollars in taxes and costs.

Profit, Profit, Who's Got The Profit? Imperial Oil Limited must have some of the most enterprising and hard-working employees



The George Town post office: a box and \$60 to all anybody needs to be a company

in Canada, because three of them working with one secretary out of a modest office in Bermuda, managed to ring up \$15 million in net profits over a period of five years. The nice thing was that the money was earned in a tax haven. Except that organization, Imperial would be poorer and the Canadian taxpayer richer by about \$17.5 million.

On July 22, 1967, Imperial set up Albany Company Limited in Bermuda to buy crude oil and arrange for its delivery to its

only customer, Imperial. Albany in turn had a subsidiary, Western Oil and Trading, which had no employees but one ship, Imperial Orca, to carry the stuff home. Albany bought crude from two other subsidiaries of Imperial's parent company, Exxon in Venezuela. The oil changed ownership as it crossed the Tropic of Cancer, which avoided Venezuelan taxes, then Albany tucked on a freight charge and marking it floated on to Canada. It was performing a function that had formerly



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been headed in Toronto (indeed, the Toronto man in charge became manager of Albany for which he charged a markup of 6.13%). In the year, Albany earned \$35,179,351, which was reckoned to be close to tax purposes in Canada, then re-putured in tax-free dividends. In 1973, for a number of reasons (including perhaps, the manner shown by him), the scheme was folded and Albany's employees brought home.

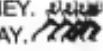
Imperial denies any impropriety. "To the best of our knowledge," says Imperial executive vice-president D. K. Melville, "the prices paid by Imperial to Albany were the representations of that market value. The Inter-Tax Act Canadian provinces that do not reach from foreign tribunals are not subject to income tax. The resources of Albany and dividends received from that company were always disclosed to the Department of National Revenue." As for Imperial's motives in folding the Albany operation, Melville says this: "About mid-1973 it became apparent that the offshore order could not respond quickly enough to the rapid changes in oil supply and price brought about by action of government in foreign oil-producing countries. Accordingly, the Imperial supply contract with Albany was terminated."

TAX HAVENS ARE A NEW INDUSTRY WITH THEIR OWN GROUND RULES. 'BUTTON YOUR LIP' IS THE FIRST

The Department of Revenue is new or youngish and if it finds anything wrong Imperial will be handed a big bill. "But even if we inflict no severe ones," says a department official, "how many are there that never come to light?" (Details of the Albany deal emerged in cross-examination of an Imperial Oil officer in an unrelated case in Nova Scotia.)

"The crucial issue," says Winnipeg lawyer Leon Mitchell, "is disclosure. There is no tax evasion for surety." Mitchell was one of the three commissioners in the Macdonald Le Poer enquiry. When that concluded, he wrote a long letter to Ottawa asking for a number of reforms. He said that the entry foreign firm operating in Canada should be required to disclose its true owners, and that every time a bank lends money out of the country it should validate a certificate indicating that the money is exempt from taxes and that the lender has disclosure from the revenue department. In addition, he said, there should be a withholding tax—perhaps 25%—of every dollar as it wanders abroad, which could be paid back later if and when it is found to be properly remittable. "You don't get a choice on whether you pay your taxes every week."

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2nd \$1/2 million
3rd \$1/4 million
4th \$200,000
5th \$200,000
6th \$100,000
7th \$100,000
8th \$100,000
9th \$50,000
10th \$50,000
11th \$50,000
12th \$50,000

2000 entries \$1,000
2,000 entries \$500
21,800 entries \$400
Almost 93.5 M in Box in Series B

c 1st \$1 million
2nd \$1/2 million
3rd \$1/4 million
4th \$200,000
5th \$200,000
6th \$100,000
7th \$100,000
8th \$100,000
9th \$50,000
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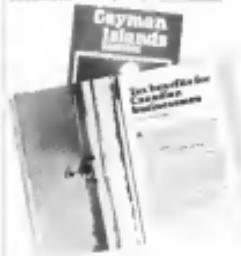


not the details of Mitchell's stand. In particular, he wanted more absolute and tougher policing. When dealing with criminals who have not yet established a status as robbers to themselves and the police, we should be less than farsighted. We should follow popular demand. The right of day is the great enemy of any antisocial scheme. And again "The corporations of organized crime, especially organized crime of raising money at armed risk for a continuing enterprise, has been subverted to a tax evasion device not only abroad among themselves but right here at home among professionals. Surely we are entitled to the tools to control it." Not that Mitchell's relatives or Folkert's agent are going to end tax haven op-ops. Too much depends on foreign governments who have no desire to help. But at least they contain the potential for an overline badly needed start.

Tom Mitchell: "Why should a company?" He received a mail letter from the Minister of Revenue and an invitation to talk over his ideas with officials in Ottawa, but he left the day-long meeting full of frustration. "They kept on telling me all the reasons why nothing could be done and I kept saying is that not?" Harry Garland, the associate deputy minister, says he leads the idea of web-linking to "something that motivates... but I imagine that it would be a good deal of opposition from business." Other Mitchell ideas are held to be "administratively difficult."

But there is a certain amount of ferment behind Ottawa's smooth facade. George Folkert, director of audit control for the department, wrote a private memo to his colleagues based on his Manitoba inquiry report in which he embraced the spirit of

SOME DODGES ARE LEGAL, SOME SHADE THE LINE, AND OTHERS ARE JUST DOWNRIGHT CROOKED



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The jolly black giant

FOUR YEARS AGO IDI AMIN WAS JUST A BUFFOON. THEN THE CORPSES STARTED TO PILE UP. NOBODY LAUGHS AT HIM ANY MORE
By John Borrell

The scene promised to be unlike anything that had occurred in the official chamber of the world's comic in a long time, and everyone sensed it. Day after day at the United Nations, spectators—especially speakers—had milled in fenced areas about expected topics. But this day presented to be different, and with the relatives—and a press corps of spectators just before game time the ambassadors to the United Nations warned: Idi Amin was 40 minutes late. He had been held up delaying a parking lot near New York's East River.

Finally, the doors opened. All eyes were focused on the 300-pound Field Marshal. This was a very distinguished man in military-blue uniform topped with gold epauletts, the rim of fried eggs. He made his way to the podium. Once there, he puffed on his swagger stick and waited a few moments for his rows of chair sachais—real big madame—to quiet down. Then, with the confidence that comes of power, he told himself: He's asked for "the extinction of the state of Israel," and no response from the U.N. He advised Americans to be sure to elect a black governor in at least one state. He advised Famine of colonization in the Comoros Islands and Britain of Mackay in Ireland. Then, done, he had a further word for anyone phoning a holiday: "Come one and all," he said, "Meet me in our rain forest, we'll knapwop meetings and our bags but extremely dry garbag."

Amin's last words were lost in warm applause—portent sounds to the ambassadors of Israel, France and Britain who had walked out earlier saying they'd "had enough." Black and Arab representatives stood up to applaud and were soon still, gaping as he marched from the speaker's platform. He "Big Daddy" Amin, once a former moderate politician whose specialty is brawling the mighty and the timid, had had a fine day in New York.

Idi Amin's constituency is growing—fast



By the day, neither election nor coup is likely to unseat him, especially with the opposition floating heedless in the river

in Syria and Arabia. Idi Amin is Black Africa's newest spokesman and, whatever his excesses, millions of big business know they can count on him to express in frank often crude ways their age-old contempt for white power and impatience—real or imagined.

He does not a style that shuns the cliché. Black and Arab representatives stood up to applaud and were soon still, gaping as he marched from the speaker's platform. He "Big Daddy" Amin, once a former moderate politician whose specialty is brawling the mighty and the timid, had had a fine day in New York.

warned that should Gerald Ford make a visit in New York he would demand that the world body's headquarters be moved. Three years ago, as he tells it, he had a dream: he was told by some supernatural power to expel Amin from his country. As a result, 50,000 non-blacks were immediately locked out of Uganda; their businesses, their assets, their friends. Worse still, the Asian head count during those renovations should inadvertently drive the world's warning: "If anyone is found posting himself with black polish, disciplinary action will be taken. Asians are our brothers—but they must remain Asians and therefore must not paint themselves black."

Above all, Amin is concerned and comforted with power. He shows immense imaginative powers of his drive to develop perverse propagandas of norman that are, in a word, absurd. Take, for example, the recent songs for visiting diplomats in Kampala, Uganda's capital. Guest countries mapped when the day visits announced him coming. The band struck up the "Colonel Bogey march." Then, to no one's "Big Daddy" made his entrance on a solid chrys boris with grain taxes by four British businessmen. Behind the same procession a fervent Senate carried a lady's purse to shield the president from would-be robbers. The purse was picked up by a popular singer, the tall, dark, balding Joseph Kotut. Determined that the world's press should know of Uganda's cultural depth when he arrived in New York, he arranged to have Ugandan dances flown over and when he skipped down from his plane at Kennedy some 200 soldiers made dancing welcome him to Georgia.

Little passes him by. At a recent conference in Addis Ababa he angrily berates African countries for having the audacity to import French mineral water for one dollar a bottle. "Africa has some of the best water in the world," he told the bewildered delegates. "You can get it from wells as rivers. Just a person carries a can and sells for 50 cents a bottle." Now he is all sold. Moved to issue some warm sentiments to a shaggy Nation, he sent the ex-president a telegram wishing him "a speedy recovery from the Wazungu affair." Conditioned by such ridiculous acts the world all too often sees Idi Amin as a balloon, a leathery leader whose domination, if complete, is satisfyingly ensure in Uganda it is far from easy. His in France there is direct, intense and permanent

The failed man primped up in the corner window of an electronic store on Kampala Road recently signs to his five years of Amin's has never to Uganda. "We expect," the sign says, "that because of a shortage of sense we are unable to display a flavor merchandise." The sign is a relic of the days when Kampala was a leading shopping center sandwiched in East and Central Africa

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only by Nairobi. Now, there is little for sale in Kampala's bazaars and what is available is outrageously expensive. You can buy an electric iron for 600 Uganda shillings—about \$16—or a pop-up toaster for 700 shillings (about \$16). But there aren't many such items. The average monthly wage is \$40. Even Americans are scarce. People have to live on sometimes for two or three months to buy salt flour or cooking oil. All of this distress Amato's repeated claim that he has won the con-



'IF ANYONE IS FOUND PAINTING HIMSELF WITH BLACK POLISH, DISCIPLINARY ACTION WILL BE TAKEN . . .'

nomic war that he "launched" in 1972 with the expulsion of the whites. The racists who took over their businesses painted away the profits and off revenues and closed them down. As a result, unemployment is high and thousands of people have been forced to leave the city for their tribal homes. For those who remain there are endless frustrations. Virtually all the city's bars are off the road for want of space. There is a acute housing shortage for lower income earners and prices continue to soar. While no one says it publicly, there is general awareness that Amato has shattered the one-party economy.

For ordinary Ugandans who gathered him with flowers when he deposed the increasingly unpopular Milton Obote, the Faure Mubanza is now more a disappointment than a source of pride. They remember his early promise. Fully convinced, they say, "He is an excellent leader. Within six months there will be four general elections and I will hand over power to the elected government." There were no elections, of course, and three years later he was talking everyone he would never step down. "I am hard to be a president," he announced. "You must have a brain and work hard. I like it very much and I will never resign."

The odds are great that no one will ever force a living Amato to resign. Anyone who dares to do so, opposes his views or fails

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PC-3843

led by two air force officers. The following year he asked Amman for another favor: he wanted Phasian jets to bomb Tanzania. Relations soured when he was turned down. Then the Soviets had the temerity to ask for payment of \$300 million for construction they were undertaking in the country. It was at about this time that General Amman discovered the horrors of Zionism.

Now he is finding attraction in Communism. After a cautious start, Moscow has sent him at least a dozen tanks, about 30 armored personnel carriers, anti-aircraft guns and at least one squadron of Su-17s. He also has an unknown number of the

more modern Su-24s. Libya has supplied him with arms and money. Saad Amman provides his bankrupt treasury with fresh money whenever it is needed. (Amman was so short of cash he had to get \$30 million from Saad Amman to pay for the costs of the (not) war with the Arabs.) The Arab states support him, often for no other reason, because he is a Moslem and gets attracting verbal support to the Arab cause in the Middle East.

One of the reasons he is requesting this ascent is his fear of another invasion of Uganda by Tanzania. Just 18 months after he ousted power from Obote, the deposed leader launched an unsuccessful invasion with backing from Tanzania. Amman

never lets his people forget that, and has developed a garrison mentality that seems his neophytes. "The trouble with Amman," explained a senior official in Kenya's defense ministry, "is that he is unpredictable. He keeps talking about invading Tanzania and he may well decide to have a crack at us on some pretext or other." The fact that Amman appears to be the former sergeant-major, however, is Rhodesia and South Africa. He has already announced he is personally ready to lead a pan-African invasion of the white enclave. With an army of about 12,000 men and an airforce of some 600 men, he knows it would have to be a surprise attack to be successful. He says, "I am not a general. I can't even tell my wife." But he admires his recently deceased comrade Field Marshal von Clausewitz: "He will be put to use when I invade southern Africa, including Rhodesia," he declared. Such statements have made many African leaders disappear off their publicly, but privately most of these countries to give him at least tacit support. He is described as "the Hitler of Africa" by

'IT IS HARD TO BE A PRESIDENT. YOU MUST HAVE A BRAIN AND WORK HARD. I LIKE IT VERY MUCH.'



Zambia's former Foreign minister Venson Mwanga. Not only these countries—Tanzania, Zambia and Botswana—boycotted the recent OAU summit in Kampala.

Meanwhile, the western world worries about the military might Amman is developing. Not too many are Armageddon occurring as Big Daddy loads his regulars onto Cape Town. Not for the present at least. But M. Amman has already proven that he is capable of the unexpected. The courageous, and there is no longer any question about his capability, invests in delicate diplomatic looks with every speech, every measured gesture. No longer laughing, thoughtful men can now only wait and watch as Black Africa's most erratic spokesman pursues his erratic destiny. □

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ONWARD CHRISTIAN ATHLETES
MARCHING OFF TO SCORE... By Dan Proudfoot



Zenos Andruszynski (top, centre) leads Arno Mal Stevens, Peter Muller, Chuck Hord, Chuck Ealey, Wayne Allison, Tim Briere, Terry Shope, Wayne Curtis in prayer when the game begins. It's hard to tell the Christians from the Bono's

Obviously to the note from the ranks of traffic constable, the Ottawa Rough Riders are wondering the Bible. In fact hours they use the Hamilton Tiger-Cats with all of the struggle, sacrifice of blood, and brouhaha of bones that sports fans like to gawked in the play was splendor of professional football. But now, as a room on the fifth floor of Hamilton's Holiday Inn there is time for Jesus. Christ. Steiner Molligan, pastor of the city's Bethel Gospel Tabernacle, a skin-paste man who almost glows is presiding. "Yellows I'm not here to preach," he says. "I just want to talk to you for a few moments today. A hour life and what we can get out of it."

Yes, the things that count. The Rough Riders are here to play football, but they also over first place in the Canadian Football League eastern conference—a cause cele in as they say it's a cause of these ever were out to pray for divine assistance. Why this game should be presented as a religious war has the Rough Riders one of the country's leading teams in terms of giving eight Christians as well as football giving ratio battle against the only squad in the city that follows chapel service, the unfeared Tiger-Cats. But the religious jocks aren't so simple as to imagine that God is on any team's side. Aspinwall, Pastor Molligan has a long record. He met with Wisconsin Blue Bombers here a couple of years

ago to talk the assembled Rough Riders and Bombers went out and lost 14-10. Hearing this a couple of Ottawa players got up and pretend they're leaving. Actually if they had been seeking a religious advantage they would have sought on somebody like Paul Henderson, the Toronto Toss hockey player who recently turned to Judaism. Henderson had a perfect record at the football and team for whom he conducted a pre-game devotion had 100% record. The athletes say they believe, all believers men with an equal right bowing to a more fundamental religion than the belief espoused by the organized churches which many of them regard as two-tops. They're a cause to a fault. The question is: why? What's behind the movement? Why Jesus instead of Gore Mathews? Is it going to sports or whatever the logic is right now among those who search for Answers?

Athletes are selected and have been for years. The *Power Of Positive Thinking* Norman Vincent Peale's opus to optimism attracted a huge following (10 or 15 years ago). Then the sports crowd turned to



ing Athletes in Action and the Fellowship of Christian Athletes have become almost as familiar as the various players' associations we've come to know through strikes, salary demands and sometimes real endorsements. Athletes at Action dominate the cry, and is busy with missionary work in the National Hockey League and World Hockey Association. Fellowship for Christian Athletes is strong in baseball. Both organizations spread the gospel of personal salvation, beginning from the premise that people look up to athletes and listen to what they say. In the States the ideal evangelist comes with muscles. Bobby Hull can sell television sets. Paul Henderson can sell his. Bill Peplowski "Wiff" is the spokesman. The athletes say they believe, all believers men with an equal right bowing to a more fundamental religion than the belief espoused by the organized churches which many of them regard as two-tops. They're a cause to a fault. The question is: why? What's behind the movement? Why Jesus instead of Gore Mathews? Is it going to sports or whatever the logic is right now among those who search for Answers?

Maybe evangelism is only the next step, the latest in a succession of fails to which jocks have turned in an attempt to make their religion fit at their bodies. Or maybe it's just the jocks catching up to the real world. That, in my view, is how it looks to Me Prete who ought passes for Toronto Argonauts for a few years. "Football," he says, "is a mass-sabotaged incarnation of the real world. I mean, everything that happens in football is a mass-sabotaged incarnation of the real world. The fans were smoking dope, football players discovered dope. By the time the football players were smoking up, other people were into other drugs like cocaine. And now, five years after the Jesus movement was big in the streets, a Jesus movement in sports. Maybe Eastern philosophy will be next. Look, I wouldn't question the sincerity of any of the guys who are deep into religion. I know Peter Muller of the Argonauts for instance, and I'm sure he's serious. But the movement, as a whole, is typical of the way things happen in sports. Five years later."

Not every Ottawa Rough Rider at the moment is a declared Christian. Only Gerry Organ, Wayor Toth and Rod Woodward. The others come simply because they was a quiet time, a ritual to help them start thinking about the game

Maxwell. "It's like Psycho-Cybernetics," says the 25-year-old. "It's only the next step, the latest in a succession of fails to which jocks have turned in an attempt to make their religion fit at their bodies. Or maybe it's just the jocks catching up to the real world. That, in my view, is how it looks to Me Prete who ought passes for Toronto Argonauts for a few years. "Football," he says, "is a mass-sabotaged incarnation of the real world. I mean, everything that happens in football is a mass-sabotaged incarnation of the real world. The fans were smoking dope, football players discovered dope. By the time the football players were smoking up, other people were into other drugs like cocaine. And now, five years after the Jesus movement was big in the streets, a Jesus movement in sports. Maybe Eastern philosophy will be next. Look, I wouldn't question the sincerity of any of the guys who are deep into religion. I know Peter Muller of the Argonauts for instance, and I'm sure he's serious. But the movement, as a whole, is typical of the way things happen in sports. Five years later."

"The wisdom of Solomon," says Pastor Molligan. "We're all heard that phrase. Well, for Solomon it was a dead-end street. He said, 'I hated life.' What about pleasure, power, the Big, Hoorah? He had these things too. He lost everything life had to offer. He had all the material things. Tried it all and get had nothing. Fellow, we can learn from that. The answer, Paul said, was 'For me, to live in Christ.'"

"Everybody's feet smell. No matter everyone's hanging on the pastor's words we caught up in what he's saying to never. That's a casual. Most of the players look as though they brought their socks, horizontally-striped T-shirts at the same whale-singer Mark Knopfler came forward in his chat as when he'll be taught trying to distract his Hammon miners in the Ottawa backfield. Frank Best, Peter Cepas and

Jim Foley sit back, relaxed but totally absorbed. Late arrivals, Tony Gabriel, Rhone Shan and Art Greci, finding no chairs, are standing, listening respectfully. It's a good honest. Before the Grey Cup game in 1973, Rough Riders set a team record when 25 players attended the devotional, but for a routine league game against the end-of-the-road Ticats this is a record in congregation.

"It's like a church," says Brian Mulligan, the 21-year-old Ottawa Rough Rider, his voice rising. "Everyone has a place. I discovered that the amateur guys are not the same as the guy of Christ. It's possible to live a Christ-centered life on a football team as sincerely, as at an office. All you have to do is make Christ number one."

What all the mean to the fan trying to figure which way to bet on the weekend game is hard to say. The converts talk about playing for Christ, rather than a good work from the coach, the cheer of the fans or even the sheer joy of having an organization, but most of them admit that it doesn't make much difference to their game. They feel, rather, they're better able to handle pressure, but admit that finding Christ doesn't seem to dramatically affect their play. Peter Muller the Argos receiver who modestly says of his season with a knee injury, is an exception. "I learned Christ

can be a terrific motivating force." He says: "Now that I have Christ living within me, because of my faith, God gives me strength. It motivates... well, it motivates you just to motivate. In the fourth quarter when all the guys who were peppered up by the coach's talk are showing down, you say to yourself: 'Christ was tired, too, yet He didn't weaken. Surely I can keep going.' He came that close up the hill after being whipped 40 times. And He did that for me. And He would have done it for me if I were the only man on the face of the earth."

Christ as example is the central theme in the Athletes in Action pamphlets, cribbed from the New Testament and reproduced in pamphlets printed by the Campus Crusade for Christ. There's the Christian Athlete's Pledge, based on Colossians 3:23: "In every athletic situation, whether practice or actual competition, I will dedicate myself to give a total defense of all that I am—mentally, emotionally and physically—to better serve just like Jesus. I will do my best to conduct myself in a manner that will bring honor to Christ and gain my recognition from men." Also borrowed from Colossians 3:23 is the Athletes in Action definition of winning: "Winning is the total number of all that you are toward God's purpose five years in a given situation."

More than 400 CRM players have joined Athletes in Action, giving what they can in time and money, spreading the good word of football as one way to work for Jesus. There's no membership fee. Zionon Andrieyevs, the Augie Kicker, talks of taking, giving: 10% of one's produce, as in the Bible, but says followers are free to do more whenever they wish. Donations are tax deductible. Athletes in Action, of course, needs the money to keep bringing people to Jesus. Players who have not been born again but have shown some interest are invited to the annual January conference—all expense paid. In fact, the Christian movement has caught on in the eye, in 1973 when 25 players and their wives were invited to the Fourth annual Triveneo and when many remained ready to work. Only two CRM players were playing college football in 1972; but in 1973, following the CRM conference, they were a part of team life in every CFL city except Brandon.

The movement offers hope and direction but makes few demands. Rules aren't necessary when you're close to Jesus. You just assume that you will not end up smoking or drinking, swearing or gossiping. Nor will you be excessively violent, or swear. "If you are close to God," says Peter Miller, "you do not sin. Not that you're perfect. For example when I'm blocking I may hold myself to the excitement of the moment, despite the fact that I want to play within the rules. But I try not to break the rules and similarly, I can't imagine as a Christian really trying to injure somebody on the football field with a helmet that Ron Enyeart with the Edmonton Eskimos is a

rough, rough football player. As a defensive end he's got a genius to the opposing quarterback. But I know Ray would'n catch that guy. Let me tell you a story I don't know the name involved, but there was a Christian quarterback on one end and a Christian defensive end on the other. With the quarterback back to throw the end was coming at him from the Maud side. The quarterback had no blocking. From that side. The end came in on his buddy and just blotted him. Blotted him so the ball popped loose and the defensive team

had it. It's the most logical step. A Christian coach leading up a Christian team. Sandy Housh, coach of the year on the World Hockey Association list, is a Christian and some of his Phoenix Roadrunners players wouldn't be the only reason he left professional football. Wendell Bennett, a natural, white guy Lawrence, perhaps a better player. Imagined as the reason was because he and Bennett studied the Bible together. In general, however, there is no clear religious mafia. Not just anyway. The only reason, if it can be called one, of the Christians' athletic movement is the athletes' determination to spread their joy. As part of the Pro Athletes in Action work in Edmonton last May the CRM converts visited high schools, competing with the students in volleyball, in spic-and-span tag of war, and then trying to bring them the Word. They spoke to approximately 80,000 students, some 8,000 of whom signed cards saying they were either attending Christ or seeking confirmation or doing so. "The feedback I get on the whole program was one call from a research lady who was very angry," says Edmonton Eskimo officer manager, Quincy Miller. "She said she deeply resented her son getting enlisted into the high school gym and being subjected to a Christian lecture by one of our players. So I talked to one of our guys who's involved, Mike Lashouse, and he said he was only trying to pass on what had interest so much to him. What can you say to that?"

"Would you let me know if you'd found the cure to cancer?" Peter Miller says. "That's the way we feel."

Peter Mulligan is running his championship Blazing cowboys Solomon with whom many players wrestling with the situation that their pro careers have not brought them the total satisfaction as they'd anticipated back in college can identify. He moves on to problems of his own. "Christianity does not necessarily mean church-going. Fellow, I have a lot of people come to my church who are not Christians. They think they are, maybe, but they come to church just like they punch a time clock at work and they think that is enough. But they do not live for Christ."

The players are the first to agree at the thought to the discussion that follows. Rhyme Nixon takes exception to his argument demand of those of his flock who don't measure up. Shouldn't he be more concerned with helping them be more Christian? Mark Klassen never fails to say he thinks everybody is a friend after some degree. "Nobody's 100% committed," Mark says. "Was a moment," says Gerry Organ. "We can be 100% committed, Mark, even though none of us can be expected to be 100% perfect. But you can have a full commitment even while you're still learning as a Christian."

The devout stop suddenly when somebody checks his watch. It's three-fifteen now and the pre-game curtain

'ALL YOU HAVE TO DO,'
REV. MULLIGAN TOLD
THE RIDERS, IS MAKE
CHRIST NUMBER ONE'



pushed it up and ran for a lockerroom. And the end helped the quarterback up and said, "Here you, Brother! And he meant it. The play was okay, everyone. Everybody was

prid' along his job."

The Christians tend to be the gentler players in the gentler positions—defensive backs, kickers and receivers more often than linemen. Other generalities they're usually high-caliber players, devoted to their sports as well as their religious pleasure, and prone to spend any amount of time in other words, a coach's dream. And yet J. J. Abbott, the coach of the Toronto Argos, hires employees to lead out his Argos players, claims that a prospers's father or lack of faith has little to do with his getting a good review. "If a player's a devout Christian it might be worth a note in my report just a note," says Abbott, whose idea of a good book is a military history. "I don't think a player's religion influences anything. Napoleon said that God is on the side of the army with the most cannons. And I kind of live on that one, without thinking it to be sacrilegious. I remember when Ted Watson owned the Montreal Alouettes and he decided to turn the team to Moral Reformation. It was a fine movement, a fine doctrine, stressing absolute honesty and all, but it didn't work out for the team."

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call for an hour or so of quiet time, getting down to the thoughts of the game before the players each gets to Ivor Wyns Stadium. At no time have the players prayed to win. They say they never do. "Just the fact we go out on the field for intermissions the coach gives us a minute of quiet," says Red Woodward. "My prayer, usually, is to God to help me grow, help me to play my best and to give it my all, and to ask Him not to let anybody on either side get hurt." Pastor McHugh does his level best to keep his enthusiasm regular. In his closing prayer, he thanks the Lord for providing the opportunity to speak with these fellows. "And thank you for the knowledge that the gospel is not just for issues, the gospel is for men. I hope this knowledge will help them tonight and tomorrow." Then with the evening breaking up, Pastor McHugh becomes a five-for-eight fan among his foot-to-the-breast "Go get them boys," he says.

In the 1970s, says older Bill Fauer, Jim Bouton wrote about how he reacted to a newsletter pitches were receiving from Lindy McHugh of the New York Yankees. It was called *Pitching For The Master*.

"I've been telling seminaries to say unto a seminarian I tell it was so right because I don't believe in God. I mean, just for the sake of balance, let the kids know that belief in a deity or *Pitching For The Master* is not one of the criteria for major league success," Bill Bouton is the exception. The religious movement hasn't drawn much criticism. And still less accusations. Frank Torpey, the National Hockey League's director of security, says he hasn't checked out a religious movement since his days with the NHL. "Honestly," he says, "my only concern is that I'm glad to see some of the boys find religion."

Athletes in Action Canada has eight chapters. *Wives, Players And Their Wives To Christ With Key Athlete Personnel And Their Wives To Christ With The General Public Of Canada To Christ And Canadian Athletes And Their Wives To Christian Maturity Should Key Athlete Personnel And Their Wives To Christian Maturity Provide Opportunities For Follow-Up To Those We Speak To Provide Opportunities For Our Players Their Wives Key Athlete Personnel And Their Wives To Be Involved In Outreach*

Zeron Andreyashyn, who used to have a reputation for arrogant, materialistic, and swagging like a star (which he was at 10.4), is a good example of the religious movement in action. After Andreyashyn emerged a year ago when he and his wife, Suzy, made the commitment. Now, he says, he no longer needs the external things. He still has his Porsche Carrera, it's true, but he worried less and less about it, and kept it with a clear conscience only after talking it over with Jesus and deciding it didn't hurt their relationship. "I know of Christians who are Chomps and super guys," says Zoro, "and they give a lot to religion."

If the neighbours don't serve it, move.



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The Icebreaker



Gerry Carter, the most valuable Montreal Canadiens' baseball season participant, is also a Christian athlete. "I just feel I'm playing for Jesus. The Number One person I'm playing for is the Lord Jesus Christ. I don't pray for him or to him, but I ask him to give me the power to play with capabilities, and not to have any setbacks but to play to my best." Carter coordinates the Export-Canada services on the road. "The beauty of the service," he says, "is that it allows you to worship within your team. You're together in a new way. You can pray together and receive a message together, and afterwards it's another thing to discuss together. It gives you a fulfillment beyond the idea of just being together on the field."

Hockey of course, lags behind football and baseball. If football follows the real world by live teams, as Mel Pritchard suggests, then hockey follows by 10. Its history worshiping top stars still means putting the Roman Catholic players together for mass on a Sunday morning. But things are changing. Ron Ellis, Paul Henderson and their wives have been invited to the church where the Stars and Henderson were first mates with Toronto Maple Leaf Steve Miller. The Hendersons made the announcement. Jim and Ron Ellis followed. Two days after a bittersweet evening at Henderson's house, Ellis announced his retirement from hockey. Ellis says he had always planned on retiring at the age of 30. Only he knows how much his Christian commitment helped him make good that decision.

Ottawa Rough Riders won the game against Hamilton and afterward in their dressing room those who had been at Pierre Elliot Trudeau's Memorial in Room 511 considered their Christian commitment. Rhonda Nixon, the press officer: "I don't know if I'm ready—I'm not perfect enough. I mean I went to church in Chicago and some of the guys there on that free trip were drinking beer and saying there's nothing wrong with that that I wouldn't. I mean I'm not perfect either, but I'd want to be before I commented myself to God."

Rod Woodward, the defensive back who interrupted a Hamilton punt for the touchdown that gave the Rough Riders the game, had suffered a broken bone on another play earlier. Later Wayne Tolsi said he had prayed to the Lord that He be with Woodward at this difficult painful moment of treatment in the hospital, but that he knew there must be a reason for the injury and it would become evident later. Woodward had been leading the Canadian Football League in interceptions and now his football was finished for the season—despite his pre-game prayer that no one on either side be hurt. The next day he sounded perfectly cheerful. "It's done that's all," he said. "There are other things. I mean school. I can do more speaking engagements now. In fact, I'm going out with Wayne Tolsi to speak to a Jewish group.

The movement continues. □

Peter Desbarats talks about Global News:

"I find it challenging to know that I'm not expected to just come back and recite the facts."



"For a long time in journalism there's been a myth of objective reporting. I don't think that television news lends itself to this at all. All television news is a selection of fact. And I think that the honest television newscast is the one that starts out from that premise. The reporter is going to be selecting facts...he's going to be interpreting them and what he is bringing to the television viewer is his assessment as a competent, professional journalist. I think that's probably what makes us very different from the other television newscasts."

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Peter Desbarats
Photo: Ottawa Sun



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HOW MR. BRICKLIN GOT HIS DREAM CAR AND MR. HATFIELD GOT THE BILL

By Michael Enright

For all intent, it is the Girl, the Car and Everything. A demonstration of whirling ingenuity played out in front of the microphones and notebooks of the newsmen in some body's sound studio in downtown Toronto. First the Girl. Her name is Callie. She is from Arizona, but looks more like Neenup Beach, California. Beautiful and sexy and wholesome, but above all wholesome. She has a pound of sand-drift hair that falls past right framing what is, quite simply, a perfect face. She has an uncle that would give a month's dues to teeth like a howl of Cheshire. The body is everything: a body ought to be. But the car was during the entire press conference the most striking eyes of all. Malcolm Bricklin's first Cheetah. Malcolm's grown-up son. From Arizona. Now the Cheetah only a color photocopy of the car he'd built. Malcolm's woody head. The Bricklin, like the Girl, is beautiful and sexy and above all wholesome. The little star's two cars, the glistening beauty that was supposed to make your Chevy indignant and turn them inside out. A safety car that looked like a Corvette. The car that Malcolm built, born of the rugged-out enthusiasm of the Philadelphia wanderer who took his dreams to New Brunswick, which, until 1973, he thought was a town in New Jersey or a company that made bowling balls.

Now surrounded by 25 or 30 newsmen ("The New York Times urban," somebody says), Malcolm is trying to explain why the company that built his dream car is in receivership. His trim, managerial hip high, polyester pants, pink sport shirt, belt and a Bricklin belt buckle with the gull-winged emblem of the measured seller. His countenance: Mark Spitz and Rockford filet. The face of strength and honesty. That you could trust. Welcome. Welcome to Death Row. In sure, people there is a quality of speech and mannerism that goes beyond grand. It is grand, like a dash of oil coating a series of plates. Not just in dash, not even in grandeur. It is the quality of Smooth, and Malcolm Bricklin has it. Malcolm is as smooth as a kitten's wet fur.

The reporters are going to have a piling over on the maneuvering thing. Malcolm says he could be bankrupt tomorrow. Per-

Bricklin and his enforcers are anybody re-
member President Teekler and the Terpids?

sonally broke. With nothing to his name but five dairy cows and two deer horns as set down by Arizona law. Five dairy cows. Two deer horns. Since Malcolm Bricklin first heard of New Brunswick, people have put \$22 million into his dream car. Now the chances are that his company is going down the tubes and with the splash of a golf pro he sets there and waits about day horns and dairy cows. Vintage Bricklin. Season. But we can't say we weren't warned. Malcolm himself once told the world: "My toughest is the last of my art." Here, at this press conference, reporters are up with questions about the future of his art and our money.

"Another Bricklin. Oh the Bricklin is just another Edsel! Wait and see. We'll be the last to say it! And keep it God they'll buy it! Let it be slow! Let it be!" - Chester F. Russell, from his New Brunswick hometown. The Bricklin.

At his own press conference a week later in Fredericton, Richard Hatfield looks bad. Or used. He wants to talk about his two-week trip to Japan where he has been seeing Japanese investors about New Brunswick. The reporters are more interested in the Bricklin situation. The Premier is a bit upset. In his three-story light-blue suit, white shirt and cuffs tie he looks every inch a Premier in fact, with the exception of Ontario's Edie Davis. Hatfield looks more like a Farmer than any one of the other men. He has a prissy somewhat giddy face. All the while is a politeness somewhat odd and odd. The money is serious business. Eventually, he reaches out, it is time he has to bring his paper talker. And it is apparent he is having trouble.

He shuffles through a lengthy statement about the Japanese group readying itself up from the text. He has some trouble with the names. "Two large industrial companies, Matsushita and Matsushita, oh Miss Matsushita." The tension is broken somewhat when a nervous reporter calls him "Mr. Bricklin." Hatfield smiles and says: "We know where your mind is." All he will say, in fact, about the Bricklin affair is that his people are talking to investors in Toronto to see if they will take over the company. He won't say the investors or talk about the name, though one thing is apparent from his tone: Bricklin and Hatfield

are now something less than good friends. Malcolm says he has made more than 40 calls to the Department of Economic Growth and warn a meeting with the Premier. Hatfield says rather coldly: "He knew if he wanted to see me he can."

There has been no contact between the two since their reconciliation on September 26. Which was a bad day for both of them. Cows from one end of the country to the other crowed that they had been right, that the Bricklin would not work in New Brunswick. "It's like selling a pig in a poke," says one. "It's like selling a pig in a poke." More. "It's like selling a pig in a poke." More. "It's like selling a pig in a poke." More. "It's like selling a pig in a poke." More. "It's like selling a pig in a poke." More. Both men, and women, who got the message the week out of work. Cows were saying. Hatfield had played golf and come home with the public name. The Opposition wanted his head. What a lot of people forgot was that the car had actually been built, 1,000 of them had sold off the assembly line in St. John's, and when you turned the key the thing started. Both men, Bricklin and Hatfield, were passengers of their own dreams. Bricklin dreamed of a safe, shiny sports car with his name on it, with off-the-shelf parts and a standard engine to keep down costs. Hatfield dreamed he could finally manage a Maritime province away from the image of wood houses and water dowers.

Malcolm Bricklin was born to bustle. He sees himself as a man whose job is to push products, hyped prices, gross inflate, increase and sell, sell, sell. "But remember," he says, "you can sell anything once, and if I never have you to prove you have something to sell." So he pushes cars. Never mind that after the Second World War 150 independent car companies have been formed and all but two, Lotus and Lotus, have gone broke. Never mind that the world is not up to the Bricklin. Tracker is off the track. Torpedo which sold 47 can't before collapsing in the late 1970s. Malcolm's car would be different. He is saying, for one thing, it was superb. People liked it about it. And it was safe. Designers set surprised by a solid steel frame, to which was attached a steel roll cage. The body was made of acrylic with a fibreglass underlining which meant it would never rust. It was comfortable to drive, a bit noisy perhaps, but it was easier. Besides, Malcolm had a record of some success. A drop-in from the University of Florida ("I majored in time and

'spare'). Brooklyn opened a chain of drive-in hardware stores called Handymen. At one time he sold his stores for supposedly over one million dollars (although his memory says he didn't make so much the day he was won'ting before he was 25). A year later Handymen went broke. He then founded 24-hour Laundry, a chain of 100 laundry and laundry stores throughout the United States. He got the idea for the laundry when he was working as a delivery boy, taking the steps between them, and Mabel made a lot of money. As he did well, he took over the American dry cleaning business of the Interstate, the Seaboard. It was the Seaboard that put him in a bind of a class action suit called the Seaboard. Here it was selling out that looked like everyone else's would make no one could prosecute and I went into the top 10 list of 30 importers. So now it was possible to sell laundry equipment of a special kind of mine. I was doing well. Mabel was making money, living in Atlanta, Georgia, and wanted to buy an RV. Jim Brown, the man she was still living in her 1971, Marquis, five-cylinder, 26-foot



Malvado speaks in traditional times, all true brothers speak native in the mod-

gols of it. Just over a million dollars were for production equipment, half a million for plant tooling, manufacturing overhead took up three-quarters of a million. In May 1874, he needed more money. Hartfield announced more financing, \$1.2 million from New Brunswick three million dollars from First Pennsylvania Bank and a three-million-dollar loan from DART.

Meanwhile General Vehicles had been lining up dealerships in the United States 220 in the Northeast who paid \$5,000 down the right to sell it. In the early days of its operation dealers were delighted with its British One man or Anytime. Martin says in 27 years as an auto dealer he had never seen as much interest not about a new car. In fact, it looked as if British would overshadow us, first year's production

Because of the math to produce a lot of cars the quality began to slip. Headlight covers kept falling off, guitars didn't stay right, wafer hacked up at the handling system, weather stripping around the doors fell off. Still the dealers were responsible for more cars. In October, 1974, New Brunswick made a "shareholders loan" of two million dollars in exchange for a 10%

counted royalty on each barrel sold. It also is quoted more shares in the company, raising its equity to 67%. Nasimban was elected March 11 in New Brunswick. Former Blackfield campaigner in a breakoff with the socialist group "You gotta believe." But that's not all he did. On November 16, two weeks before the election, he passed an Order In Council for payment of one million dollars "for the

purpose of making an investment in New Brunswick." The "Investment" was to keep the sheriff from foreclosing on MacLean's Saint John plant. On November 18, five days before the election, he passed another order for saving one million dollars "for the purpose of securing an industry in New Brunswick." It wasn't until the election in which Hartfield won 33 of the 49 seats that the future 58 years saw the "industry" arrive. Other voices were however in New Brunswick.

Canada. Blafield says it is the province's responsibility to New Brunswick to administer grants in the *Reyns/Gerotte* without biasing the industry, because the terms of the financing might still be under negotiations.

In December, another \$1.5 million was given to Brinklin and in January Macleod announced another \$7.5 million bungling the total of federal and provincial money to \$23 million. In the meantime, Macleod announced that Ralph Library had been appointed president of Brinklin Canada, a position once held by Macleod's father, Albert, in 1900-01. Henry had no background in management, but he was known to be a car buff. He was also a vice-president of First Penn Bank, and First Penn Bank was worried about its investment. It is now clear that Henry was recruited as a graduate only to oversee First Penn's investment. Brinklin was having problems keeping its production up to the break-even point of 22 cars a day, and Macleod was not able to bring the selling point down to 15,000. At first he insisted on 14,000, but then he had to admit to 15,000. By the time he had to go to a last-minute General Vehicle Inc. bid he had to buy back First Penn for \$5,300 and sell them three in dealers for \$8,400. The dealers were selling them for \$7,450. Ultimately the selling price went up to \$9,800. Anne estimated the car should have been sold for \$15,000 since in the first three

By June of this year, the money was dry and so Makelius was having trouble with his creditors, his interest payments already up to \$330,000 a month not covering overhead, labor and materials to build the house. Makelius said, probably he needed more provincial money to keep the project going. Some Hardill culture minister were showing signs of skepticism about the project. "People were asking, 'What's the point of this? Is it a good use of provincial money?'" says Makelius. Finally, Hardill decided the province could not go along with Makelius's request for another \$5 million on top, and on September 26, he put the company into receivership. Makelius was paid about the maximum of 15 months before it happened.

"Hindsight," says Malouck, is a key warning. "The room over a gas station look like a brilliant one." He is looking past this morning, sitting in the breakfast lounge of the Ryans Regency in Toronto. He has just come from a meeting with Toronto City Councillor The Hon. Reginald L. Wong, whose office press pool has Malouck's world order press pool. His hand is on good hotel and a good meal that goes on class. He can sparingly sample chicken soup, a sandwich. He doesn't drink or smoke. He is in Toronto to talk to reporters who will tell the television interviewers, radio talk shows, press conferences, anything to get his message out. Malouck uses the media the way the rest of us use churches, a doorway to an otherwise closed off world. "It's hard to get people to believe about recycling," he says. "It's so hard to get people to believe that there is a problem." The problem, he says, is that

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people who made it possible are now the same people who have to take responsibility for what's happened—the New Brunswick government. There's no way I can knock them. It took tremendous courage to go as far as they did. I mean we're dealing with people who really care about the car, make no mistake on that." Malcolms cars about the 200 or so cars sitting outside the St. John plant, scared at emptying out. They represent \$2.5 million in parts.

Hatfield, for his part, has got a few new ideas and a new company to go along with it. He's talked to Frederic. No, he won't disclose names to any company. No, he doesn't know of any U.S. investors. No, he won't release company documents. Part of Hatfield's problem has been this penchant for secrecy. He's gone, and later again refused to give the Liberal Opposition such things as names of stockholders, among contractual agreements with General Ville-Marie or security arrangements with First Fresh Bank. To do so, Hatfield argues, would soil up potential investors who like to keep their transactions quiet. Nevertheless, he refused to talk lands to the conclusion that Frederic was for the most part a one-man show. For instance, the pensioner's industrial development corporation was completely bypassed by Frederic. Hatfield and his Conservative cabinet had a running battle with the develop-

ment corporation for years now, mainly because the corporation's members were appointed by the previous Liberal regime of Lois Mitchell. But without the development corporation, as John Turnbull, Frederic's critic in the Liberal Opposition, pointed out, there was little in the way of provincial input one the decision to support Frederic. Hatfield's reticence has also done little to end speculative questioning. How much money does Frederic Canada have? How much does the 2,800 cars he's held in 1987 cost? And how many more have Frederic and Malcolm made since 1979? Why did Frederic executives pay up \$412,000 in wages and travel expenses in 1987? How much money did Frederic himself put into the car or did New Brunswick pay for its development?

Hatfield must have an explanation. Malcolm says: "What went wrong? Well a lot of mistakes were made, starting with myself and management, then the province then the banks. First of all, I underestimated how much money was needed to begin with that's a wrong. I underestimated how much engineering had to be done, that's a wrong. On the right side, we finally did get our volume up, we did figure out the money that was needed and we did get our engineering straightened out. The one thing we did right was that we didn't underestimate the market."

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People



Dorothy and Rudolf when Pearly-Mae dances, everybody dances

Egypt's **Amner Reddy** is not the sort who entertains parties by prancing around with a lump made on his head or even (as he did in an earlier party) with a long, long tail. In Washington in late October, the amiable Reddy was shown to be no match for the unromantic **Paul Bailey**. Bailey interviewing a state dinner dinner by President Ford for his distinguished visitor, sent a few songs including *Andy Poly* ("I'd like to see you in bulk where you belong," "she sang to Rudolf) and then a few moments later headed from piano to the dance floor, did his best through a few turns and immediately the coup de grâce by placing his kisses on both of his cheeks. Rudolf, a drowsy Moskinit, had never danced before in his life and while some of his party were concerned about him, **Paul** may have done so in his very best home. He is said to have enjoyed the evening immensely. **Costantinos** **Orfan Shaf**, who was there but who steadfastly refused to enjoy himself observed that Rudolf "laughed throughout." He was glad to see that he was as embarrassed as I was when I was "shoved around."

Ten years ago **Peter Munk** was the hottest new thing in Canadian business, president of a vibrant young company called **Chlorox**. **Sound**. He was invited to lunch by Lester B. Pearson. Five years ago Munk was

here and **Neva Storer**, where he had arranged to locate a stereo manufacturing plant worth \$16 million in debt, thanks to the advice of **John**. **Mark** was to England; there was no more focus for him in Canada. His manicure was having broken too many of the wrong people—and started again. He founded a company called **Southern Pacific Properties** with his old **Clarke** partner **David** **Greiner**, and went about selling as close to the South Pacific into the next great joint was. The was in 1972. Canadians have had little cause to think about **Peter Munk** much since then but when **Jim Storer**, the supreme of British merchant banking, declined and fell earlier this year it was again time to wonder a hole about **Moskinit**. **Storer** **Walker** **Securicor** had been **Storer**'s major bankroll, so old **Storer**'s dreams from the second failure of **Moskinit** as a **business** on **Mark** and **Storer** **had** done very well, having completed a \$30-million, \$500-million **new** **town** in **Fig** **building** or having purchased 80 houses around the **South Pacific** and now expanding onto lots and rooms in the **Middle East**. **Storer** **Walker**, in any case, was bought out two years ago by one of the other main partners, the **F. & O. **Sequoia Navigation Company**** and even if he hadn't been, a recent **the company** is **surviving** **weakly** now that **Jim Storer** has left.

She has been called the greatest American-horn ballerina, and **Nancye** herself calls her the best dancer in America and compares her to **Maggie** **Ferrero** at her best. But **Cynthia Gregory** has a problem: on her men she's as fast tall and it is nearly impossible for her to find a suitable partner one who is tall enough and strong enough and good enough and available in the American Ballet Theatre in New York, for which she performs. **Nancye**, currently appearing with her in the **army** **house** **produced** **of** **Macbeth** in **five** **rehearsals** **shorter** **on** **her** **feet**. "Performing is the most **continuing** **part** **of**

dent again. And in Canada **Reynell** "Roxey" **Douglas** name **name** **up** **one** **more** **on** **the** **news** **page** **but**, **apparently**, **not** **for** **much** **longer**. **During** **another** **challenge** **in** **the** **coast**, **Douglas**, the **hero**-**revolutionary** **of** **the** **St. George** **Williams** **University** **student** **strike** **in** **1969**, **will** **be** **gone** **from** **Canada** **for** **ever** **as** **De** **October** **13**. **The** **government** **has** **confiscated** **his** **passport**, **and** **despite** **a** **speaking** **our** **warming** **Canadian** **that** **his** **deportation** **was** **more** **damaging** **to** **Canada** **than** **it** **was** **to** **him**, **Douglas** **is** **not** **able** **to** **draw** **up** **support** **in** **the** **black** **or** **white** **student** **unions** **that** **the** **years** **ago**, **Reynell** **John** **Douglas**, **now** **34** **years** **old**, **thinks** **in** **part** **on** **the** **way** **to** **the** **revolution** **in** **St. George**. **He** **will** **remain** **in** **his** **native** **Ontario** **not** **to** **be** **met** **with** **open** **arms**. **The** **Prime** **Minister** **Patrick** **John** **has** **said** **"with** **interest**" **Douglas** **coups** **of** **bit** **homeland**, **called** **Chaos** **Or** **Change**.

Among the parliamentarians who most miss the frenetic **recreation** **of** **former** **Transport** **Minister** **John** **Mackay** **in** **the** **House** **are** **the** **honorable** **members** **of** **the** **Opposition**. **Many** **are** **laughing** **the** **fact** **that** **in** **his** **new** **role** **as** **Minister** **Without** **Portfolio** **and** **all-unnamed** **"troubleshooter"** **for** **Prime** **Minister** **Trudeau**, **Mackay** **has** **been** **studied** **usefully**. **"We** **miss** **playing** **questions** **when** **we** **see** **Tory** **Bob** **Mackay** **on** **the** **day** **in** **December**. **So** **that** **same** **day**



water." **Gregory** **says** **"It's** **a** **kind** **of** **me** **now** **because** **I** **know** **who** **was** **perfect** **for** **me**. **Bob** **was** **very** **strong** **with** **him**. **He** **had** **the** **will** **to** **do** **anything**. **But** **I'm** **older**. **I'm** **big**. **I'm** **old**."

Every so often a relic of the **Storer** **years** **comes** **up**, **a** **reminder** **that** **there** **was** **in** **fact** **such** **a** **decent** **Tom** **Hasley**, **just** **out** **of** **the** **navy** **now** **an** **executive** **of** **the** **U.S. **State** **Department****, **Abbie** **Belman** **screams** **from** **the** **Upper** **Deck**, **George** **McCarthy** **thinks** **about** **running** **for** **presi-**



Mckenzie did frame a quarry. "In order that we can direct questions to him in the future with the Han Memorial as his done in cabinet. Mckenzie showing the form the Conservatives has come to know and love regard the Speaker, in us as I know, I will tell the House Member!"

Consulor James De Meo has suffered a certain amount of bigotry in Quebec, not because his blood but because he does not speak French. De



De Meo has no hate petals, they say petals, he says...

Prest, a 39-year-old American who was assistant to Leonard Bernstein in New York Philharmonic, and his wife, Linda, director of the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, was named musical director and conductor-chief of l'Orchestre Symphonique de Quebec earlier this year, over vociferous francophone protest. An easy-seller, Claude Roberge even wrote in Quebec's *Le Journal de Québec* that Prest's "the man to bring the music to Quebec." Prest was a Maypole Englishman with no instant blood whatsoever. Despite that, he has, who planned to be half Apache and half Sioux, was a convincing Indian and the representative of the Canadian who, despite his ethnicity, which is his. This was his marketing expansion to the Canadian government and the world.



The day after he died in 1988 he was "exposed," but Quebecers still insist he brought her what it meant to be an Indian.

Always looking for that same sense of pleasure that will put a foreign countenance at ease, **Henry Kissinger** remarked to Japanese Foreign Minister Koichi Miyazawa: "Japan in the old days must have been wonderful—wings walked

Kensington's Pierre Reid, Al Waxman, Helene Whistler; right: Reid?

two problems and many options scheduled for the guidelines. The two shows that were proposed to show the way this section is King of Kensington an amateur, "Green" and "Safe" were a derivative copy created. The early in-house ratings show that in the first three weeks King (which is far less) does not run on the full network averaged only 380,000 viewers over the age of 12, only 129,000 more than the old experimental and other avant-garde *Programs* (which is a bit like Lasseur's hair and dress, but for their thoughtful, artistic, experimental, **Green** Kensington playing. Grey Green, the first two weeks in a row, the first part was a Maypole Englishman with no instant blood whatsoever. Despite that, he has, who planned to be half Apache and half Sioux, was a convincing Indian and the representative of the Canadian who, despite his ethnicity, which is his. This was his marketing expansion to the Canadian government and the world

William Gold is writing another book, which he's calling *The Best Seller*, and is definitely an autobiography. Gold is readers of the *Guinness Book of Records* know is the world's least successful author. The record: British best-seller, he emigrated to Australia in 1990, has written eight books and since novels more than those, in fact, words—whether ever having won one publication. His first attempt to get a newspaper article printed in 1958 from which he realized: "I quit."

Gold's book Michael Henry was chosen. *Homecoming Queen* was a major literary success as he became a national rival to *Confused*—at Saint Mary's College in California. Gold, whose campaign slogan was "Put a smile under your crown" did not get a kiss from the captain of the football team as is standard, but was whisked onto the stage for coronation and whisked off quickly. Troubles had been expected, especially from the football players who had worried that if Gold's won they wouldn't play the second half of the game. They did play it, but blew a touchdown lead and lost by 16 points.



Kensington's Pierre Reid, Al Waxman, Helene Whistler; right: Reid?

Now is the time for all good Tories to come to the aid of Bob Stanfield

Column by John W. Bassett

More than a dozen candidates may be vying for the Progressive Conservative leadership by the time the party's convention rolls around in February but, in my opinion, there is only one who can defeat Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in the next election. That man is Robert Lorne Stanfield. Stanfield has so far resisted all suggestions that he run as leader. He has one more house in Ottawa's fashionable Rockcliffe Park suburb so that he can move out of Stornoway House, the residence of the Leader of the Official Opposition, as soon as his successor is chosen. It is up to the delegates to the Ottawa convention to see to it that he does not make that move.

There are many elements that must come together for an achievable success in politics but one is more important than timing. Until now this element has been lacking for Stanfield in his federal political career. His future appeared bright when he was chosen a federal leader in 1967. But his hopes were dashed when the Liberals chose Pierre Trudeau who recognized the importance of timing, called the 1968 election immediately after his leadership victory. In 1972, the time was not yet right for Stanfield to win the few seats he needed in Quebec to form the government. In 1976 the timing was wrong for Ontario for his policy of wage and price controls.

Robert Stanfield's time has now come. Never has his integrity been so widely accepted and recognized. The defeat of Pierre Trudeau in the Hochelaga by-election could never have happened without the long, difficult work that Stanfield undertaken in Quebec when he became leader of the party in 1974. As in the case of the defeated Trudeau in Ontario in 1974, and cost him the election, we now have Trudeau sponsoring the very proposals he opposed so violently less than 10 months ago.

If the Conservatives don't recognize between now and the convention that Stanfield must be persuaded to run on the party's likely to spend the next decade in opposition. It does not take a great deal of expertise to recognize that among the declared and undeclared candidates for the Conservative leadership there is one who enjoys wide public acceptance and that none of them could hope to lead the party to victory.

Jack Layton of Abitibi-Temiscamingue cannot be taken seriously as a potential leader because he is identified with policies more suitable for the 19th than the 20th century. Howard Douglas has been campaigning

now for weeks. A thoroughly decent man he has nevertheless made no impact at all and at a recent press conference in Ottawa drew only three reporters.

Jim Gifford launched his wellfounded campaign with a speech blasting his fellow caucus members and others of the party for the very poor results on which he now depends for support if he hopes to win the convention. His justified discontent hardly qualifies him for the difficult and delicate task of a national leader.

Claude Wagner has only outlined what the Hochelaga by-election would be like which he took great care for which he deserves credit. It is also a political fact

that political party let alone a national one.

Pat Novak of Nova Scotia, John Fraser from British Columbia, Jim Clark of Alberta and Senator Stevens from Ontario are other candidates or possible candidates. Can anyone seriously believe that any one of them can get a majority?

I have deliberately left Peter Lougheed to the last. The Alberta Premier is an active, energetic man who, in the next election, has every chance of being elected. His political intentions hardly qualify him for the difficult and delicate task of a national leader.

Claude Wagner has only outlined what the Hochelaga by-election would be like which he took great care for which he deserves credit. It is also a political fact

that does not mean that the conditions mentioned above do not have a useful and important role to play in Canadian politics. One of the constant accusations leveled at the Conservative party is that it doesn't have anyone of basic capability. But Claude Wagner would make an excellent Secretary of State for External Affairs. The first one who can speak French as well as English would. Paul Martin in Lester Pearson's cabinet, George Cope in Mulroney's cabinet, Stéphane Dion in Mulroney's cabinet, and he comes on ahead. Flora MacDonald as Minister of National Health and Welfare could be excellent. This department is also in charge of "women's affairs." Whether that means but surely the women of Canada would rather talk to Dion than to Mulroney who has no job now. Jim Gifford of all the candidates for Minister of Finance, Finlay Stornoway would be a first-rate President of the Treasury Board. Hettie Gifford would be great as Minister of Consumer Affairs.

The fact is that Robert Stanfield has a tested people who are sure to be honest with ability and dedication, but not one of them has yet achieved that degree of public confidence that is mandatory if one is to win a general election. Without Stanfield none of them will ever serve in any Canadian cabinet. If the Conservative party fails to recognize political realities and allows Stanfield to drag it down it will do in the future as it has done all so often in the past—fifth world.

John Bassett, the former publisher of the *Toronto Telegram*, was twice a Progressive Conservative candidate and backed Robert Stanfield for the party leadership in 1967.



Stanfield the coach says, "Leave him in!"

life in Canada, particularly in Quebec, that swallows from our party to another is hardly an acceptable qualification for party leadership.

Flora MacDonald can never hope to rally the remaining Distributor supporters in the West but her position in Quebec would be hopeless. Brian Mulroney, a young, energetic and media conscious, has never been close to anything in life. Turning over the party to an completely leader is inconceivable. David Coopers, Mayor of Toronto is listed as a possibility—but his present office is the kiss of death. It is doubtful if a mayor of Toronto could become leader of a govern-

Business

IN TODAY'S MARKET, A BREAK-EVEN DAY IS CAUSE FOR REJOICING



The Toronto Stock Exchange: so quiet you can hear an option drop.

Canadian stock exchanges are suddenly marketable three days. Visitors of a wholesale discounters in the part of investment institutions who have found more profitable niches for their money. During the past 12 months, brokerage houses have merged or folded with almost predictable regularity—a反映 of the state of the nation's economy. In health. The market is so bad that brokers rarely speak of profits in measured in how low they keep their costs each month. In fact a broker age house is considered a winner if it has managed to keep losses below six figures. The result: independent, lower morale and wholesale deflection of key brokerage employees. Those affiliated with investment houses shifted to insurance brokers had declined in Toronto alone to 4,400 at March 31 from 5,300 a year earlier.

The unhappy marketplace has caused people with in Jack Lydon, former vice-president of the Toronto Stock Exchange, to reflect on Alberto-Culver's desperate situation. Others such as Peter Cole, a former partner at CIBC, Murray, and Warner Ltd., took a policy bowler preferred by a major bank for \$500,000 a year and a long black coat. Jonathan White declined his position in an audit by Pfeiffer, Mackay, Ross and Co Ltd. for the relative security of a job as advertising salesman with the Globe and Mail.

The catalog of woes afflicting stockbrokers in Canada is almost large enough to make Captain Horatio Hornblower bring ship Seven Dials in stock market prices. The federal government's cutbacks off-again

two—the offspring of previous mergers—assured they would again merge. Brokerage houses that once entered their saloons to interpret the prose of their market competition are now finding it better to combine forces.

Domestic brokerage houses are also seeking processes to adopt fissuring competitive brokerage fees in their US counterparts were forced to do recently. Most Canadian companies charge a 2% fee at both purchase and sale plus a 10¢ commission on orders of \$500 or more. They are now considering a 1% fee. The Ontario Securities Commission's chairman, lawyer Arthur Pilon, is prepared to demand a commission and a special surcharge. Pilon also however has served notice he is unwilling to expand the surcharge and fixed commission indefinitely.

In an effort to find new sources of revenue for their cash-flow operations, the exchanges are trying out such schemes as options trading in Montreal which will become a joint venture of the Toronto and Montreal exchanges—if they ever settle their differences. The options experiment has proved to be a bit of a day, however with only 200 contracts traded in the average week, compared with the record one million plus that changed hands on the Chicago Exchange in July.

If things weren't bad enough already Vancouver Stock Exchange president Cyril White says his exchange will have to

Toronto Stock Exchange trading statistics comparison for the 1974 fiscal year			
	1974	1973	% Change
Volume	483,181,788	984,660,443	-50.2
Value	\$9,892,222,222	\$20,960,272,271	-54.9
Transactions	1,246,720	1,691,700	-27.7
Average-Trade Value	\$10,625,137	\$20,259,222	-48.9
Average-Trade Volume	1,984,556	2,767,689	-29.0
Average-Price/Trade	\$7.81	\$8.49	-8.6
Average Value/Trade	\$2,128.20	\$5,529.60	-71.3

problem in more acute because of brokers' traditional reliance on bank loans to buy into the business—a conservative estimate of their indebtedness is \$154 million or a full 30% of the Canadian brokerage industry's capitalization.

To cut costs and survive, much less prosper, brokers have been merging and merging with the fervor and merriment of buying houses. During the year ended March 31 the rate had eight member fold and two merge. Since then three more have split the business and just last month an additional

operator Corp. Ltd. until officers and directors agreed to stop debiting in company shares.

The TSE experience has considerably reduced enthusiasm for an Atlantic Stock Exchange, being promoted by former vice-president John Van Lierop. Local securities "undesirable elements" from the other exchanges flocking to the Atlantic Coast and turning an Atlantic Exchange into a "caveau for speculative mining and oil shares." Van Lierop claims he has more than 300 applications for listing on his exchange and still hopes to get it off the ground by June.

The best hope brokers have for a recovery is a pickup in market activity at an interest rate decline later this year. What that happens they will continue trying to make a dollar in the bond and money market just to keep the rest paid and the lights turned on.

MATTHEW RUGAN

A challenge to the chair

"This hearing is to determine if the terms of my appointment and powers as chairman of the National Energy Board as proposed hearings into the proposed MacKenzie Valley natural gas pipeline, the multi-billion dollar project that has been proposed with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. But even before any evidence was heard from the companies proposing to build the pipeline, two public interest groups—the Canadian Arctic Resources Conserving and the Conservationist Institute and Library Foundation—challenged Crowe's right to chair the hearings, thus contend they may be biased in favor of the project. Crowe, while agreeing, adjourned the hearings for two days to ponder his next move.

As he saw his predicament there were three options: step down and in effect, admit he was on as if nothing had happened, or refer the matter to the Federal Court of Appeal for a speedy decision, which is what he did. The court will finalise the matter December 5 and until then Crowe will sit. Even so, even though the hearings may have to be held all over again if the court finds reasonable grounds for suspending him.

The two public interest groups following the lead of Canada Arctic Gas Pipe Line Ltd., which originally raised the question of potential conflict, contend that Crowe is guilty of bias and corruption. First, he was president of the Canadian Development Corp. from 1971 to 1973 and as such was a member of the management committee of the consortium planning the pipeline. Second, as deputy secretary of the federal cabinet between 1969 and 1971, he was involved in government planning for the pipeline. To top up these charges the environmentalists refer to a series of articles carried recently by the Toronto Star which say Crowe chaired a key government policy meeting on pipelines in May 1970. The theory is that a man who

closed off the New Democratic Party was instrumental in allowing him to become chairman. He blames socialist induced investor uncertainty and high production levies on money for a 25% swing in oil dollar values in the first six months of 1975. The vice, hasn't been helped though. By well-publicized shortcomings of promoters of lower-prices/speculation shares that make up much of its volume and have caused it to a hyperbole of brokers. William Brown to sink down on positions. The exchange was recently forced to halt trading in Centura Develop-

Trampling out the vintners

The Rothschilds, renowned for vinous and wine makers would blanch at the thought, but no wine country is again preparing to lobby the provincial government for a non-tariffable quota on imported wines. It's not just in wine's difficult enough already to buy an inexpensive bottle of Italian or French plonk; its domestic notables have succeeded in persuading the Liquor Administration Board to debit almost all imported wine, cutting less than three dollars a bottle and to slap a 31% markup on anything over that price compared with the 66% levied against such domestic products as Black Jack, Double Jack, Berry Jack, Cherry Jack and Grape Jack. The producer may be unable to withstand the rationale being a large grape crop that needs protecting. Drinker don't seem that concerned over the price of bar. An one legger wine manager explained: "Here in BC, we look on Cold Duck as a fine imported wine."

participate in the development of policy cannot then freely decide against those policies.

Crowe's action lodges his involvement in the management and governance of the pipeline construction with both his right and his left, as well as his experience in the cabinet service did not pass any real conflict of interest. The 1970 meeting poses a spurious argument, says Crowe, because that meeting dealt with financing for Northern Transportation Co Ltd., a MacKenzie Valley large bore operation. "This is but only is the legal sense, if that's the case."

Canada Arctic Gas's role in this deliberation is that of instigator. The company is a consortium dominated by US oil companies competing for pipeline approval with Canadian-owned Foothills Pipe Lines Ltd. says it only raised the issue to avoid a time-consuming court challenge after the hearings were concluded. Others such as Bob Page of the Committee for Independent Canada say Arctic Gas fears Crowe's nationalist sympathies. Company chairman William Wilder is happy with the decision to refer the matter to the courts now, as well he might be. His company can afford delays because its project involves buying much needed gas from Alaska to the United States. If there are major delays the United States may capture his market rather than his pipeline.

The battle over pipeline has been far from over even of the federal court rules against Crowe. The next person in line to chair the hearings is Douglas Fowle the SNC vice-chairman. Fowle, however, is a former executive with Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd., a member of the Arctic Gas consortium and environmentalist claim that he stated the May 1970 meeting that had been used to support charges of bias against Crowe.

AN UNQUOTE

Then, as fate would have it... John Shulman the US industrialist-entrepreneur from New Jersey had a flat for the spectacular. Whether it was Shulman's Newfoundlands Premier Joey Smallwood or Frank Moore's to point to such on his cam-

pany angel or resting the Queen Elizabeth II to carry 800 of his clients friends to his new Canadian Club, many of whom he was out of Newfoundland's provincial legislature to attend. Finally last month it appeared that the chief superintendant had run out of sleeves to put on his. His \$500-million Newfoundland refinery was half-pressed by condition and unless new financing could be found it appeared as if the facility might follow New Brunswick's Beckton venture into receivership. But as the stage lights were beginning to due on



Shulman looks on: the Lehman

Game-Changer power. Shulman came up with a deal mortgage on the property thereby saving its own investment and possibly Frank Moore's political career.

The price Shulman has been forced to pay for the halton operation is enormous. Management of the refinery has been taken over by Universal Oil Products Corp. of Chicago holders of \$16.3 million in restricted shares. Marketing has been assumed by Asia-American Inc., a Japanese trading company to which the refinery owes several hundred million dollars in unsecured debt. Shulman will regain control if and when the installation begins



paying its debts, Moore says. UDF and ASI are only the tip of Shabot's list of creditors. Chicago's First National Bank has lent the contractor's company \$39 million on a secured basis, while Brian's Export Credit Guarantee Department has lent a \$10-million line margin on the plan. Newfoundland itself owns the \$45-million second mortgage. All have agreed to provide data to the auditors.

Shabot has not abandoned the plan's problems to fully design by Precise Inc., a subsidiary of UDF. However, his team has stopped to spread the blame more evenly among Precise, a drop in world demand for oil, spiraling interest rates and federal regulations governing oil exports from Canada. The Precise has cut back throughout the crisis to expand Shabot's plan as "an unusual entrepreneur" with "a lot to offer" Newfoundland. His support is a far cry from the position he took before bypassing Smallwood in 1971. Then he was a Shabot opponent and produced the refinery's refinery's report. **ERIKLE MCCORMICK**

Say it ain't so, Uncle Ben

It is difficult to drive through the frontier towns of northern British Columbia without running across "Uncle" Ben Ginter's face-tinting at you from bumper cars, soft drink bottles and wine jugs. The heavily bearded construction-worker-turned-socialist has made his mark mainly as a spokesman for his construction-brewing empire, which is now worth an estimated \$15 million. But the brewing is just because it's one of many things that make Ginter great at what he does.

Uncle Ben's problems are a deep affliction with Premier David Barrett's rural government and its pro-labor policies. Last June when he closed down an inefficient Redwood soft drink plant, planning to convert it with a new brewery being built nearby. In 24 workers howled with rage over the layoff. They quickly won support from the st. Federation of Labor, which shut down Premier George Grant's plants and helped his cash flow. Ginter was forced to pay each of the workers \$1,500 in cash and put them back on the payroll.

Earlier this month he began selling off his construction equipment and winding up that stage of his operations. "I had the blood drained out of me. It's just too frustrating," he said. Stephen points out, though, that there may be more back there in his future. The construction business had been slow to recover that he was forced to lay off a third of his employees earlier this year and the equipment he put up for sale would probably be in use next year anyway. They also note that Uncle Ben's friends come with a proven old-school mentality. Ginter is a self-made man and real origin of his success will be the sale of his brewery and brewing operations. In the meantime, no one is taking bets on his retirement. **KEITH R. PETERSON**

With a little magic card the future's on the tab

Business Column by Terrence Bedford

Consumers as a nation and as individuals are being coerced and coerced into debt. Everybody has known a little more and more about the dangers of our take-home pay over to the corporate bill collectors. In 1983, the average Canadian spent \$2,000 in the banks, trust companies and other groups holding for his salary. By 1984 that figure had grown to \$3,000. Part of the reason for this growth is increasing wages but part of it is a concentrated effort by those who lend money to increase their business at our expense.

Consider the proliferation of charge cards. In 1974, floating around the country there were four million Charge cards, \$15 million Master Charge cards, 4,975,000 department store credit cards, eight million of company credit cards, 1,050,000 travel and entertainment cards such as American Express and Diners Club, and 2,050,000 airline credit cards. Together they accounted for 25% of all retail sales in 1973 at about \$5.5 billion. The chartered banks, through Charge, last year's second most recent figure shows that the banks have been making very hard to increase their charge card business. Between the end of June 1974 and the end of March 1975, the amount of money the banks had lent out under these charge card plans increased by 36% to \$627 million or a charge card debt of about \$120 billion for each bank card holder in Canada.

There are no real answers on why the banks are pushing so hard. Charge is operated by a consortium of the Royal, Toronto-Dominion, Commerce, Nova Scotia and Banque Canadienne Nationale. While Charge is a joint venture by Bank of Montreal and the Provincial Bank, the simple fact is that the chartered banks make more revenue with charge cards than almost any other area of their operations. A credit-card study prepared by an inter-bank working group, preparing for the 1977 Bank Act review, shows the average cost of money for banks—what it costs the banks to borrow the money they lend to you—is 5.49%. This is the same level that banks at several consumer loan rates, which averaged 11.08% that year and made a profit of \$22.7 million on the charge card operations. However, the interest rate charged to customers is 18% and the profit amounts to 11.48%.

In a confidential document prepared by a working group from the Bank of Montreal Royal Bank, trust and Toronto-Dominion, the banking community gives an

angle into which way they will be going with their credit cards in future. The stress of the risk like-based discussions on the banks developing "problematic skills" in maneuver the public there is nothing wrong about further borrowing and to instill their "credit anxiety." The group also conducted a demographic survey of bank card users to find new areas for marketing and promotion of the cards. What they found was a single group where there was a whole new area for exploitation, the poor, especially the working high school dropout earning less than \$10,000 a year. (Apparently there were no figures on charge card use by widows and orphans.)

The banks plan to pursue the poor, first by providing credit counseling through branch offices in low-income areas and then by providing "meaningful alternative for them in place of finance company rates and even loan sharks." The rationale is that the working poor here is borrowing just pay back money and you can not make a profit on the process. The banks expect to profit by finding a way to get the world manager their personal offers before they would become desperate customers with a stronger commitment to banks, thus crowding out market provision. If the loan sharks decide to fight back, they should take a page from the banks' notebooks and develop their own promotional skills—maybe a guerrilla advertising campaign with the slogan "If we give big, we'll lower the sig."

Cartoon by Steve Nease

About the area that Detroit Red Wings left Wayne Bell Maloney was colluding with Team Maple Leaf defenceman Brian Gleeson at Maple Leaf Gardens, Ontario. Attorney-General Roy McMurry, his wife, Lt. Brian and two close friends were enjoying a home-cooked dinner of Brad's corned beef and dumplings white wine. It was McMurry's first night off since taking the attorney-general's job six weeks ago. What McMurry, 43, missed, of course, was the now famous Maloney-Gleeson incident in which the rugged Red Wings forward gave violent hooligan Bill Spiers a nosebleed. Gleeson reacted with a strong straight-arm and then proceeded to punch him in the nose and shake his body up and down on the ice.

Gleeson emerged with only a mild concussion, and later accompanied the tough to Kansas City. Maloney, however, did not fare so well. Charged with assault causing bodily harm, he will appear in court in Toronto early next month—the first set to be McMurry's product of a week earlier to cross down on "hockey goon" Spiers. Attorney General actually touched his companion's nose, easily dislocating his left nostril with a reporter's nose in the Ontario legislature. One of the more violent hockey violence. "Oh yes," McMurry and resulting into his peaked and pulling on a copy of a telegram he had sent that day to 3031 president Clarence Campbell and was chosen. Renay Haynes, warning that policemen and crown attorneys would be "aggressively enforcing the law in this area." The reaction from hockey's establishment was predictably mixed—but there's little doubt that

Sports

DAN MALONEY, THE ANSWER TO McMURTRY'S FONDEST DREAMS



Maloney, Gleeson: 'problematic' lending

About the area that Detroit Red Wings left Wayne Bell Maloney was colluding with Team Maple Leaf defenceman Brian Gleeson at Maple Leaf Gardens, Ontario. Attorney-General Roy McMurry, his wife, Lt. Brian and two close friends were enjoying a home-cooked dinner of Brad's corned beef and dumplings white wine. It was McMurry's first night off since taking the attorney-general's job six weeks ago. What McMurry, 43, missed, of course, was the now famous Maloney-Gleeson incident in which the rugged Red Wings forward gave violent hooligan Bill Spiers a nosebleed. Gleeson reacted with a strong straight-arm and then proceeded to punch him in the nose and shake his body up and down on the ice.

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they of that school of physical education "but we prevailed on indications." Well, no one can say the program has been a total disaster. The ill-fated Tigers won one game this season (3-35-1) against another team, the Mount Allison Mounties. But despite the improvement, the future of football at Dalhousie remains doubtful, and this month in what may be a president-swinging move, the school's athletic and administrative officials will move to formally consider withdrawal from the AFC.

The continuing bifurcation of the team which lost by scores of 61-7, 40-7 and 31-0 coupled with the presence of family and friends who often took direct offense to the players' lack of interest in the game and, as a result, the team visited frustrations in regional outbursts on the field. One player so embarrassed by a flag salute during a game that the team's girl friend had been at the stand.

Performances weren't the only things that hurt. Several blocks south of the campus sit st. Mary's University, home of perhaps the best university recruitment program in Canadian college sports. Not coincidentally, the two schools have been AFC champions for consecutive years. While athletic scholarships are illegal in Canada, endorsements—anything from straight cash payments to a waiver of tuition or residence fees—are largely unde-



Maloney and Haynes leading isn't everything, but for Clarence it's the only thing

based by the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletics Union—the governing arm of college sports. And, unfortunately, they are a brother to the footballers in Halifax, where Dalhousie's pro-industry students, paid and funded raised no objection to vicious corporal punishment. Many Nagano residents, including parents and local sportsmen, are outraged. "It's a terrible place to live," says Bill St. John, 24, a third-year student at Dalhousie. "It's a terrible place to go to school." Bill always did have a short memory, "says one

Tiger, Tiger burning dim

Two years ago, after the Dalhousie Tigers chalked up a singularly unimpressive 0-4 record in the Atlantic Intercollegiate Football Conference, the school embarked on a program to recruit amateur college players. "We told them who we were and what we had to offer," says Dr. Mike Ellis, director

use always and former football star who remembers his own rage at the belligerent Quebecois he'd never met before.

If DeBosse's adversary decides to withdraw, it will find ready company with Michael Allison, the University of Prince Edward Island's coach, who, when presented with two levels of compensation, one for the aging Indians and one, as USA's Peter Kelly puts it, "for those who play in the spirit of true intercollegiate competition."

Meanwhile, a small but growing crew of DeBosse's coaches feels the competition that has marred some competition would inevitably develop in a second league as well. And if they have their way, there's a better than even chance that DeBosse's may abandon college football altogether.

MARILYN MACDONALD

Broadway Phil and Boston Brad

Every year for almost a decade, New York Ranger hockey fans have been expecting their team to win the Stanley Cup. The Rangers had solid goalkeeping, good defensemen and enough talent on the forward lines to assemble an All-star team. But it's been 25 years since the Rangers won hockey's most coveted prize and there's a mixture of bewilderment even on the loyalty of Ranger fans. So, rather than the team's 30-year absence, the Rangers' 25-year blight one of the most comprehensive, far-reaching and tortuous and unadulterated cases of the league's highly-priced hubris. Among the culprits were owner Charles Villeneuve (so Chicago for defenseman Doug Astor), Derek Sanderson and his estimated \$340,000-a-year salary (to St. Louis for a few-second 1977 draft pick) and goalie Ed Giacomin and his estimated \$150,000-a-year salary (to Detroit for the \$30,000 winter press).

But the ultimate deal was the one that

sent Ranger defenseman and captain Brad (153,000-a-year) Park and center Andy (152,500-a-year) Ratirole to the Boston Bruins, who this year have been almost as tame as the Rangers. In return, the Blue-shorts received center Phil (150,000-a-year) Esposito and defenseman Carol Vadnais. Most hockey observers view it more as an attempt to retool than to improve the two clubs. Said Ranger general manager Eddie Fossier: "Long-term contracts lead to complacency. Everyone is naÔve, no matter who he is—he can be trusted."

RICHARD FRIEDMAN

Penalty to McMurtry...two minutes for grandstanding

Sports Column by John Robertson

Professional sports leagues thrive on infamy. On any given day, almost any team can beat any other. But no such parity exists in the League. Home Invasion of Ontario where the once invincible Toros led by Coach Bill Davis, have suddenly shrivelled their political fire dancing by one finger. Big Blue instead. Due to this season and Bill's Bill could well be beaten.

Growing gleefully away at the thread are the Lubitsch and New Democrats, who know that even a slight break could trigger—you'll pardon the expression—a tempest. To make matters worse, Davis is juggling the remnants of a cabinet so splattered with resignation and defiance that he's had to promote a new boy up from the minors—Attorney-General Roy McMurtry—now glowering over the trembling woodwork with a disapproving musing of sticky glue which he hopes will finally reassemble the cabinet. Next to the growing suspicion that the Conservatives are the last party in Ontario these days is a palpable enthusiasm—ah, hockey as well as baseball. And what better way to reflect the party's tenacity than to root out the weeds of the quickly-deepening Hambton Harbor and drag them off the board at the National Hockey League. I mean, who is for violence—or anything like it, hockey hooky?

So McMurtry, aiming for the Lady Byng Trophy as the Habs League's most gentlemanly player, is suddenly concerned that "members of television stations are expected to act on the ice which may be in contravention of the Criminal Code." McMurtry might more appropriately have confined his concern to amateur hockey where parental underfunding, incompetent officiating and insensitive coaching have indeed led to excessive violence. That would have been good news, but not good politics. To grab the political hotness you have to attack the major leagues.

If the pressuring Toros insist on dropping off the national circuit and apply to drop into the minor, the public relations will still be damaged with accusations—firing charges that have little to do with violence. Several Montreal Alouettes for example, could have possibly been awarded for loitering during their recent 46-1 loss to Ottawa. The great Argos, Blue Bombers, who in their three seasons to come—either couch and blithely silence—could be charged with complicity with paid musicians to construct aggravated assault. The entire New York Ranger hockey club—such as it is—could be charged with accepting money under fraudulent circumstances.



McMurtry: politician, head himself

soar your partner and owing him all-mandie left. The late Don Messer did this for 10 years on TV with impunity—and nobody folded with him. But the nation theodolite's first may ram out to be holding. The spectre of one man wrapping his arms around another in public officials all unwillingly and should lead to a claim of sufficient assault. If performed against the boards, I wouldn't rule out bigamy.

I talked with new president Clarence Campbell about the McMurtry maneuver and he said: "There is just violence in hockey today than there ever has been before. Premier Davis has been instrumental in encouraging violence in television and I can't help to hear how hockey studios and aquatic programs that depict murder rape and incest. Until then McMurtry's comments were to be so much political noise."

Now, since in hockey and football all spans that require physical contact. If a kid is a pugilist that may well be his been developed long before he is put into a hockey stick. In amateur hockey, the issue is on the parents to say that their children behave on ice. If they can't discipline a boy in the 32 hours he is on the ice, what chance does a rule book have? Finally, I think hockey does a better job of policing its own than government.

As Premier Davis does his lightning act on that Big Blue thread he might consider that governments, like hamboiled, can abort when the credibility of Daddy's intentions are suspect.

"Wind surfing the waves at Moorea is easy... if you happen to be a contortionist."

"In the Polynesian Pacific, the wind can be a devil. Because the breezes seem to blow from all directions. And when you're wind surfing...that means the wind keeps getting knocked out of your sail. So you have to be part tightrope walker, part acrobat and part contortionist."



"We were racing along feeling pretty cocky that we'd mastered the sport. Then, from out of nowhere, what seemed like a mini-hurricane struck... wiping us out. And two wind surfers suddenly became two deep-sea divers."



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Behavior

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD: REPEALING THE CANADIAN WAY OF DEATH

The present, a 56-year-old alcoholic, was dying of cancer and knew it. Yet there he was, leaning against an improvised bar in his hospital room, waving at visitors and fellow-patients in the hallway to join him for a drink. His dog, curled up on the bed, had the satisfied look of a pet who knows he's home.

Home to this one was a special ward in Montréal's Royal Victoria Hospital dedicated to a unique commitment: retaining

understanding that characterise the atmosphere of the fourth-floor unit. The ward was created a year ago by Dr. Balfour Mount, himself a recovering cancer patient. Mount became aware that hospitals guard as they are to the living, are dismal places in which to die—yet, as he reckoned, 30% of the urban population will die in them. He also suspected that hospital staff actually view death as kind of failure and have little idea how to deal with terminally

both inpatient and outpatient care. The Hospital's greatest success had come from helping the terminally ill stay with their families and hospital care was shockingly unnecessary, thereby reducing the average hospital stay to 17 days (compared to 30 days at the Royal Vic). Mount took this economic savings and the inestimable humanistic gain back to the Royal Vic with the suggestion that he be allowed to attempt a pilot project.

Currently, the Montréal unit has only 12 beds and the usual death institutional decor, but Mount's project has been regarded so highly that plans have been made to create a new service for 40 beds in a home-like environment, where the hospital's expansion is completed in 1979. As at St. Christopher's, Mount's patients are encouraged to return home at times of remission. When they are hospitalised, patients are looked after by 30 staff members plus 50 volunteers who have all taken special instruction by Mount at McGill University. Staff members, trained in minister home care, contact family members in coping with depressive patients. Most important, says Mount, his staff and the volunteers have learned how to talk without disconcerting a terminally ill dying and to provide the simple comforts that can sustain a patient's sense of loneliness and anguish.



Bright passage: The man on the right was with his brother when he died with dignity at the Royal Vic. He returns often now, a friend to dying strangers.

The fear and agony from the knowledge of imminent death. Indeed, choosing to die with one's dog and one's own books is not unusual at the Royal Vic. Staff on the hospital's special dying and bereavement unit—dying patients, their friends and relatives and the staff—everyone from patients and clerks to specialists.

Mount found that 60% of the dying want to be told the "absolute truth," but most aren't. Doctors, he found, are afraid of death as anyone else. "We just aren't comfortable in areas where we feel incomplete," he explains. Then Mount proved it is usually the relatives who in turn decide not to tell the patient, supposedly because the dead would harm death. In fact, the patient usually figures it out for himself—the head way like ours can continue deteriorate doesn't come as often. Nurses tell him "Oh, you're just having a bad day."

With time, the bright passage of death becomes the dying focus with its importance changing and sometimes even important for it to be over. In search of ideas to reverse this, he wound up at St. Christopher's Hospice in London, England. There he found a skillfully operated facility for the dying, offering

patients To explain this, he drew up a questionnaire on attitudes to death and interviewed dozens at the Royal Vic, including patients, their friends and relatives and the staff—everyone from patients and clerks to specialists.

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SHIRLA GOREBELL



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Trinitron Color TV

HE BUILT A BETTER PUMP, AND THE WORLD BEAT A PATH TO HIS DOOR

Frank Hills had been up for five days and nights when the idea came to him. Drawing between Gold River, BC and Nakatomo, he envisaged a plant that would move solids—coal, ore, fish, grain. That same day, he made the first drawings. Later, he had his plans patented, supervised the manu-



Hilts and his magical powers are what if he doesn't know how it works it works

facture of a prototype, and the next day he had his pump to test and learned from his boss, into the V-1000000s. "I had to use it to operate to believe it," said All Gaffon, field manager of Newbury Fisheries. "It was just that good."

For Hiltz—a 45-year-old Victoria salesman with a grade-eight education—it is even better. The muscle pump has pushed him to the brink of international acclaim. American and Canadian investors have expressed more than casual interest. He is having it printed in 22 countries. And though he has not yet been offered it, he

says he will not accept five million dollars for the rights. The source of Hill's assumed fame is an impressive length of 10-12 feet per surrounded by a manifold. More than anything, it resembles a heavily accented coquettish mattole. A small lead-in pipe branches from the wide outlet like a handle. There are no moving parts. Yet when liquid or gas is forced down the smaller pipe it creates a jet of vapor, forcing the chamber. Even Hill himself isn't quite sure how it works. "Suchas we one

and, exhaust at the other. I understand it, but I can't put it into words. I do know the angles are critical. Rocket engineers

change the birds' flight patterns, the National Research Council began experimenting with radar-directed manatees. The approach of humans proved too costly and was dropped—but not before the experiments. Dr. Joseph Tanner and his Queen's University colleagues, Dr. Cesar Romano-Spínola, noted seasonal changes in the move of birds exposed to the waves. Among other things, they found a significant increase in the amount of collagen-like material. And collagen is the protein that makes up the bulk of the skin.

The discovery, which started many

biologists (some expressed outright disbelief), had dramatic implications if collagen production were arrested, then healing—or which the synthesis of the protein at a key step—might also be



Barroso-Sierra and Teixer: the wounds didn't just heal, they almost vanished

period up. To test the hypothesis, Tausch, St. and Romeo-Serna, (1961) examined on rats (and later dogs) comprising healing rates of untreated wounds with those treated by *Microseal*. The wounds exposed to *Microseal* healed faster but the induction time was not as striking as they hoped. So Romeo-Serna, a non-resonator, borrowed a page from the body's own healing test. He designed a bandage containing both the *Microseal* device and histamine, a chemical that apparently causes the granulocytes tons of cells to engulf with phagocytosis and other intrahemocytoblasts found in the blood. The combination dramatically reduced healing time. Microseal

clinically relevant healing time. Histological analysis showed that the field not only had a tight bond of collagen-like material on the tips of the cut but left the heated lesion virtually undetectable, stronger than the original tissue, and chemically superior.

Toyota Boshoku is looking up for production. The Department of National Health and Welfare is only now launching evaluation studies of the data. And both Turner and Romeo Stora insist that more work will be required before a final judgment is made.

But ultimately, the major benefit of the electric bandage will be elsewhere, says Turner: "Think of the skyrocketing costs of maintaining a patient in a hospital bed. Reduce that leading time even fractionally, and the resulting savings would be incalculable."

Press

N FLEET STREET, THE NEWS IS ALL BAD

new Britain has long been recognized as a newspaper territory. It houses the world's most literate press, catering to the best of its intelligent readers. If some is bloated, superficial and overblown, the best also are on historical, philosophical and

Supplying sherry and smoking oysters is the firm's best-known product. The firm's bean sprout division is known for its power shift from news to company room which latest production methods. The country's trade unions support freedom in industrial class structure, supporting technological innovation and learning on the model of the

Now, with the Government conditionally stable, Fleet Street is looking ahead to the report of the Royal Commission on the Press, expected to appear in January. Astor, for one, is hopeful of government action. "The real question" he writes in a letter to *Advertiser*, "is whether newspaper capital is to be allowed to influence newspapermen in the exercise of their political independence in the interests of the public."

A black and white photograph showing a man in a suit and tie standing next to a row of bags of fertilizer. The bags are labeled 'GARDEN PLANT FERTILIZER' and 'GARDEN PLANT FERTILIZER WITH BONED MEAT'. The man is looking towards the camera with a slight smile.

REFERENCES

Justice

WITH RESTITUTION, THE CRIMINAL NEVER GETS HIS DAY IN COURT

To those unaccustomed to its formality, rules of defense and the public exposure involved, defending oneself in a court is often a numbers and in some cases a terrifying experience—especially for young first offenders. One judge who is firmly aware of the personal torment experienced by young men hauled into court because of a minor mistake is George M. Thomson, who sits in the juvenile and family court in Kincardine, Ontario. A year ago, Judge Thomson decided to do something about it. With the help of two former students, the judge developed a bold legal experiment which has since proven to be surprisingly successful. Under it, young offenders are kept out of the court system and pay their debt by providing free services to either the victim or society at large.

Run by law graduates Doug and Sherry Burthous, both 27, the Thomson Committee on Restitution committee not only represents firms of lawyers who admit at least partial guilt and who are closest to them by the police. The committee—is assisted by Kincardine social workers, probation officers and teachers who also believe that rehabilitation and not always involve a court—commits offenders and bonds out in its own punishment in keeping with the “crisis.” For example, two youths who vandalized school property were “sentenced” by the committee to spend eight Saturdays doing cleanup jobs for the school board. When the offense is more severe, the committee does its best to ensure that restitution is made—one boy who stole a truck and did \$1,500 worth of damage to it is managing, with the committee’s guidance, to repay \$1,300. “Most first offenses are truly minor, showing at the very worst thoughtlessness or immaturity,” explains Doug Burthous. As an example he points to the case of a 16-year-old who “borrowed” his father’s car and was finally caught after a police chase. “Obviously the youth would have gone to court but he included a道歉 and perhaps been ordered to do a project—like a community service or something equivalent,” says Burthous. “Instead, a local chap with the police who arrested him was enough. He came away feeling he had done something that was pretty stupid.”

Restitution or restitution—it only says aspect of the committee’s overall objective:

equally important is the counseling to encourage youngsters for the implications of their acts. “With that sense of responsibility for their actions, they simply see the whole system as unfair and antagonistic,” says Burthous. “It’s amazing how quickly the kids react once they have been brought

to justice. Had it been a few years earlier Judge Golden would likely have shipped the youth off to Juvenile School. But Golden, 54, does not see our paradigm as Indian youth any more. He stopped more than two years ago. Now, whenever he sits on Court as blood juvenile court, two members of the Beauharnois Blood Hawk band on the drum—and in it they who effectively pass sentence. In this instance they asked the boy to report to board of flats for six weeks to work off the cost of repairing his damage.

From that day forward, the boy changed. His violent disappearance remained unanswered until he moved to Toronto to complete high school. It was exactly the sort of delinquent Judge Golden, Chief Red Mountain and others involved with the Indian movement hoped for when they began the movement. “The Indian boy should have been wise,” he says. In 1972 alone, 39 youths had been charged with vandalism and theft involving the island’s 130 odd visitors. Even after 10 years on the beach, Golden felt inadequate as handling Indian cases. To bridge the cultural gap, he helped set up a panel of 12 “representatives” and for the first time held court on the island itself.

The results, miraculously, have been dramatic. Accused of setting a dozen Indian youths a month in Midland, Judge Golden has since had only four sessions on Christian Island. This year, he has heard but one case involving an Indian juvenile. “They’re afraid to be picked up by their peers,” Chief Mountain says. Adds Golden: “When they come to find that justice did involve them, it becomes a matter of pride for them to make it a success of it.”

Golden is not the only Ontario court to successfully bring what amounts to Court-advisory to the bench. Provincial Court judge Maurice Legaré, who covers the northern Ontario territories of Fort Severn and Attawapiskat (among others) has been soliciting Indian advice for 10 years. During that period, fewer than 200 have appeared before him a second time.

Golden and Legaré are judicial anomalies, and at least part of their success rests on the wisdom and savvy of the Indian bands. As Legaré says: “In most settled areas the social order of the Indian is compromised at present, and the moral content of the tribe would not be enough.”



The Burthous: Making the punishment fit the “mistake”

Canadians enjoyed the taste of Hudson's Bay when the last spike joined east to west.



Photo by G. W. L. Ridsdale/Archives of Canada

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Travel

TOURISTS MAY BE A PAIN IN THE ISLAND, BUT THEY PAY THE BILLS



Locally PBI, traveler's paradise: an air taxi swoops over the plastic beach...

For nine months of each year Prince Edward Island is a sleepy untroubled patch-work quilt. Then, when overnight, 113,000 tourists—mostly drumbeats and quiet islanders don their shoulder bags to sell real souvenirs and fresh oysters—the island becomes a noisy, crowded, crowded, and creating considerable traffic congestion—is not always compatible with the islanders' desire for solitude. One usually dignified Charlottetown motorist, willing to lay a shaker at Confederation Tarmac, spotted "strangers... all tourists from away. I'll be lucky to get opening night tickets—and I don't have... On the whole, the small state doesn't cling to money so long. But Premier Alex Campbell's Liberal government showed concern for the tourists when it commissioned a study, due next month, on the impact of tourism on Canada's smallest province.

The procedure-setting study, compiled by Art Associates, Cambridge, Massachusetts, "will clear up myths and point out positive aspects of our tourist industry," says Dennis MacAulay, M.P.'s going-to-deputy minister of Tourism, Parks and Corporation. "The success of tourism has a rhythmic effect on our whole economy." Fishermen earn more money guiding tourists on fishing expeditions. Farmers sell fresh vegetables on the island. Bus drivers earning transportation problems. And local produce is used to prepare the estimated four million meals consumed by tourists during the summer. Indeed, tourism is quickly becoming established as one of Campbell's priorities. This year it will eclipse the long-standing dependable

fishing to rank second only to tourism.

Tourism's strength has been spurned by the new daily flights of Eastern Provincial Airways and Air Canada jets into Charlottetown airport. Air traffic was up 45% in June and July, bringing more holiday visitors. Tourist expenditures this year should exceed \$40 million, double 1972 revenues. Conversely, the government's cost of extending its tourism revision will overshadow the extra dollar mark. Tourists complain about overcrowding, trampled grass and other such problems, the ever-irascible MacAulay says. "Six weeks of small inconvenience means a tiny price to pay for far-reaching fine effects on island life. The benefits outweigh the costs."

Meanwhile, Ottawa, just as it has taken a negative eye to the little red island's tourism revenues, last summer held discussions, nowhere responsible for Parks Canada, concerned plans to charge a seasonal fee to everyone who visits and camps in National Park beaches. Within two days 3,000 residents signed a petition threatening boycott and closing the ice roads "share their sons and lifestyle." Canadian pressure halted the levy this year but application of the fee is still scheduled for the summer of 1974, although that has not been provincial. Tourism Minister Gilbert Cormier fired off a sharp telegram to Ottawa, charging that increased fees would undermine the validity of Ottawa's anti-inflation program. The premier believes probably correctly—that the fees would discourage visitors to the

park, the premier tourist attraction on the island.

Tourism is an easy profit, and the islanders, long accustomed as bland agriculturists and fisherman, are keenly aware of the value of a dollar according from tourists to move. As one Swainstonside entrepreneur put it, "If some people think tourists are pests, let them know how poor this place would be without those books written in. More than \$80 million is a good reason for sharing our island with real city folk, eight weeks each summer." **BARBARA MACDONALD**

First class all the way

For most of the world's airlines, 1973 has been a dismal year. Fuel oil prices have jumped again, and the recession has kept passengers away in droves. On the popular North Atlantic routes last year, the number of economy travellers dropped by 7.3%—to 7.8 million. Surprisingly, as fuel decline affected first-class traffic. On the contrary, the rich and those with expensive accounts are flying first class in record numbers. According to a *Wall Street Journal* report, 77% of the world's first-class passengers are business travellers, whose companies believe this first-class travel makes employees more efficient. "If you want a man to do a first-class job, send him first class," says Gordon Campbell, communications manager for Aeroflot of Canada, which stipulates first class for all international flights longer than six hours.

For their part, the airlines offer easily to first-class passengers. Special club-car coaches and private lounges isolate them from the economy cabin. On board, they enjoy wider seats, more leg room, a free bar, better service and meals that cost up to \$40 per person and include dinner, lobster and visit portions of prime beef roast. There are high-gauge seats on Trans-Canada flight, a 16-seat government restaurant in the spacious lounge of some Pan-American 747s and kilometer-and-a-half-and-a-half on Japan Air Lines. These agreeable folks do not cause shilly-shally. A Toronto-London return ticket now costs \$1,200, compared to the winter economy fare of \$450 and a minimum excursion fare of \$300.

Despite the current recession, not all the signs are optimistic. Last month, the federal Treasury Board established new procedures that priorize first-class travel by government employees. And with their new, more consolidated, mass Canadian will probably be relieved to know that their tax dollars will no longer be buying caravans and campers for inferior rate-dreams. **PATRICK McNEE**

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Films

FRANZ AND FELIX AND RICHIE AND ADOLF, NOT TO MENTION RINGO

LISZTOMANIA

Directed by Ken Russell

"Music schematics" is making a long "quixotic" Franz Lisztomania as a new philosophical memoir to Lisztomania. Ken Russell's newest know-how: composer biography

ing a compelling contract with the devil. And in one of the film's rare unexpected twists, Liszt's last encounter is with the owner of Rachmaninoff's (played by Paul Ruddick), a brilliant Russian pianist who, like Liszt, has come to a tragic end.

Superman, who is stranded into Hitler and destroyed in a burning World War II Berlin by a change from a celestial spaceship to the now-sadistic Lux and his crew of sympathetic monsters.

Lisztomania is gross and gaudy. But no more so than that other extreme of the Ninth's composer biography, the pathologically snappy such as A Song To Remember (1944) in which Cesar Milosch as Chopin insanely snags blood over the roses, while Merle Oberon as George

Sand goes on with rapt sensuality. Russell's new is the delirium of Ringo Starr as the Pope and nameless characters of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. But Russell's skewed replacement is more liberating than the old bathhouse slutty. Ultimately, of course, the old obsequiousness reappears, and up and unformed is her own supernova, and yet her former lover turns out to be Robert Redford, and terribly not Redford's putative natural, presumably justified by everyone. The company-passion that in film is now embarrassingly problematic because it is so highly possessive, with so much corroborative evidence.



Galaxy with Barbra Streisand: Lisztomania

The code ascribed to poor Mendelssohn here is undoubtedly Kroll's own. He is less eager to explore an artist's psychology than to use the composer's music as a tool on far the more aligned path. In that field he has indeed won. But a closer sheet Delac and Djar and some awful men in sheet Tchaikovsky and Mihail Luttmann is, as usual, Lisztomania.

Thus Liszt uses through Russell's hulking imagery voice as a triple threat. He is a gleaming superstar of the 19th-century Superstar concert stage, with paleface, crooked fingers dancing for his Hungarian Rhapsody. He is a spiritual titan whose music unites and quells revolutions, driving women into frenzies with his magic-draped virtuosity on any number of instruments. Lisztomania is Ken Russell's *Fantasia* for Peoria and Paris.

Nothing is beyond Ken. Liszt is played by rock star Roger Daltrey (of The Who) and Russell's film *Tommy*, who bring to the art an ability to read a keyboard of footsie. In the course of Russell's delirious wandering over the lands of the composer's career, Liszt romps with French castrators and Wagner prima donnas, occasionally resorting to a giddy 10-phallos help for Goya. Like masters with a Pope represented by Ringo Starr wearing Bob Dylan's coat and cowboy boots. And Liszt contemplates negotiat-

ing with rapt sensuality. Lisztomania is the Pope and nameless characters of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. But Russell's skewed replacement is more liberating than the old bathhouse slutty. Ultimately, of course, the old obsequiousness reappears, and up and unformed is her own supernova, and yet her former lover turns out to be Robert Redford, and terribly not Redford's putative natural, presumably justified by everyone. The company-passion that in film is now embarrassingly problematic because it is so highly possessive, with so much corroborative evidence.



Redford and Dunaway: love at first threat

available. It also provides a neat solution to the old problem of a thriller's loose ends. Stanley Parodd's film, for instance, generates an efficient, fairly methodical suspense, but at its core is a dead end. Today, the lack of logic in a movie narrative is considered with a more authentic, even documentary, flavor. Audiences no longer expect to understand events; we now assume that our rate of comprehension will be at least one company away from the reality.

EDWARD ALLEN



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Television

THE COMPOUNDING OF THE GLOBAL DISASTER

When Global TV Ontario's main network went on the air in January, 1974, with all the fanfare money could buy, it looked as if no solo singer Al Bouvier's dream of a national network would finally come true. The way Bouvier saw it, Global would start small by offering alternative Canadian programming to seven million viewers across Ontario and then would slowly expand across the nation. Twenty now constitutes the third network but it seems a bad joke.

Although it started out with an innovative lineup of Canadian shows, the network has discontinued its a cappella delivery system for American reruns. Instead, Global has become such a profit-oriented network in the eye of the media that it arrived the network before it this month to explain why it seems to be as much about a week as on Canadian programming. The answer is money. After losing a staggering \$16 million during its first year of operations and half that in the second, the network just doesn't have enough cash to make more of its own shows.

The case, taking the lines of the claims for Global's inadequacies a 45-year-old Allen Wright, who makes more than \$100,000 a year in Global's president Wright's company, now Commonwealth, avowled on Global that it was nearing bankruptcy under Al Brunn's leadership and three months after it began the case, Wright himself presented a heavily edited CRTC hearing in April, 1974 that "We will maintain the caliber of programming now evident on the Global network." But a year ago, Brunn's successor Wright stepped over himself, dumping much of the Canadian system, *The World of Books, Books To You, You, The Reader Box, The Great Debate* and swapping up cheaper American series and movies (last summer, Global's top-rated show was *The Honeybears* and Sir Bob's).

Slaight conceded he "had a lot of things at the original CRTC hearing that have turned out not to be correct." But, he says, "we had no idea of the financial means it was going to take." Slaight claims the innovative Canadian shows were expensive: each episode of *The Broke Studio*, for instance, cost Global \$17,000 (it costs only \$3,000 to put up an American show). Global spent \$1.7 million on 200 old-west movies which it intended to show on a pay-per-view network. That network never materialized. Global paid \$400,000 for broadcast rights for the Toronto

sidering the team was just getting started. Global also signed a five-year \$500,000 contract with Maclean-Hunter for access to its business library, which, says new vice-president Bill Cunningham, Global rarely used. (The contract was exercised



Similarity measures between test items

where MacLean-Hunter, which had put \$31.4 million, was Global's largest creditor, wrote half of it in investment.) The accounting department, which should have been keeping a close watch on expenditures, was overseen by vice-president Frank Sleeker who worked only half days and then became ill. By the time REC had waded through the resulting accountant's nightmare, "we knew that close to walking out," says Slagle.

Despite bursts of concern from farmers and broadcasters, Slagle usually maintains that by constantly replacing the few Canadian shows Global has left, it is just about meeting the CBC's Canadian content requirements. But that didn't stop him from repeatedly seeking a Canadian content dispensation. And his request for special consideration indicates to some observers that Global is in fact short on Canadian content. The CBC may demand that Slagle schedule up to eight hours of new Canadian shows every week, beginning in January.

But there's little the CRTC can actually do to enforce Canadian content rules in Global's case. It could yank Global's license but it's unlikely to take such a drastic step. Global's private investors would lose their money. And the CRTC's inexperience has left other Canadian broadcasters in a legal quandary. "If Global can get away with what it's doing," demands one of them,

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Books

NOT ONLY A FORD, BUT A FORD WITH A FLAT TIRE

A FORD, NOT A LINCOLN
by Richard Reeves
(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$8.95)

President Gerald R. Ford has never really lived down the November 15, 1974, edition of *New York magazine*. Ford was shown in the costume of "Blaze the Clown." The cover line read: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States by Richard Reeves." Inside in crisp, staid prose, journalist Richard Reeves informed the American public that their thirty-eighth President was a hell of a nice guy but a man of severely limited intelligence. It is remarkable that *Blaze the Clown* was a revelation only after they had seen it in print.

Permit for Reeves is a
most important
fact that he's a
clown and that
he's not a
typical rock-ribbed
Republican



As Reeves tells it today, the choice of *Blaze the Clown* was a last-minute whim of Ford's wife, Rosalynn. "After that cover, I thought to go into the *White House* only when Ford was out of town with his Press Secretary, Ron Nessen. It was really a choice as me, as a member of my White House contacts that they could no longer afford to be seen talking to me," says Reeves. "That's what really changed the coverage of Ford. A lot of editors wanted to know why their correspondents weren't telling the real story of what was happening." The *New York* article grew

into the book *A Ford, Not a Lincoln*, and now we have the full story of Gerry Ford according to Richard Reeves. It is a gloriously relevant book by the wit and skill of writing. As Reeves writes, Ford's ascendancy as the "White House" was a triumph of the strategy of the least objectionable alternative. This strategy holds that most of some influential pressmen show a dangerous inclination toward being a point of view. A point of view frequently leads to disbelieve and even greater popularity. It is best avoided by being a sort of jester. Steve Griffin, a political cartoonist, is a heartbreaking boy from back home. In point of fact, according to Reeves, he is a perceptive picture of the nature of the compromise that is the Presidency of the United States.

But Reeves' credibility is hampered by his own point of view. He equates Ford's intellectual shortcomings with Ford's failure to embrace a set of liberal assumptions to which Reeves subscribes. It is the stubborn nature of the Republicans, who "really do believe in free enterprise, less government interference," that Reeves holds against Ford. Far enough. But these beliefs are not a measure of Ford's ignorance. "Ford," says Reeves, "would give his lunch to a hungry child and then vote against a free milk program for poor schoolchildren." One might be forgiven for suspecting, after the vindictiveness of Reeves' review, that he himself would always vote for free milk in the abstract but might not share his lunch with anyone.

Reeves suffers from the classic liberal's dilemma. He sees his liberal friends today at a safe distance, but at close quarters finds them refreshingly conservative. They seem to be easily convinced to this problem—a socialist at home. And given the 1976 Presidential hopefuls he looks as though he will be disappointed again. **RAMONA AMERI**

Above and beyond the kitchen

THE REALMS OF GOLD
by Margaret Drabble
(Metcalfe Hill, \$10.50)

Margaret Drabble, at 36, has become the spokesperson for a generation of articulate, northbound, but compromised middle-class English women, won to like herself. Her first few best-selling novels all examined women who had (about their heads, bodies, children, loves, homework) and her characters represented modern women at their most alienated. But although Drabble's early novels were clever and sharp, they had the unmistakable whiff of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Her man char-

acters were always brothers or sisters. Her latest novel is a breakthrough.

In *The Ardor Of Gold* Drabble has taken revenge on critics who considered her vision bounded by the kitchen sink. The book's heroine, Frances Wiggate, is a neophyte, frustrated woman who transforms herself and a whole human being. We are introduced to Wiggate, a divorced archaeologist, when she is at the height of her professional powers. Her human ardor has been satisfied, but she has become hard, brittle. She leaves Karel, her lover of seven years, capricious and tough, free-spirited, in search of the last vestiges of her natural state. Like all of Drabble's characters, Frances must grow up again. She dips into her past as she once excavated a Phoenician city in order to trace her aspiration back to her origins and revitalize herself. The catalyst is her second cousin David, whom she never saw for the first time at a conference in Africa. Discovering, later, with her son, Frances and her son, Frances and her son, Karel, Drabble writes about this transformation with unusually evocative imagery. (Frances' regeneration is aided with new oil and frogs) and Frances becomes a combination of the sophisticated and the primitive.

Readers will be the only ones of women's fiction with a happy ending were the onslaught of Women's Liberation. Drabble has at last found a way to root her formidable human vision and has killed herself off the remains of her old literary writers. With this novel, she has even left the queen of women's fiction. **DON LEWIS**, behind. **ADRIE FREEMAN**

A child's garden of erotica

10-FOOT MICE
by Dr. Harold Bloomquist Hand
(Metcalfe Hill, \$10.50)

It was like seeing one's maiden aunt arrested for keeping a bawdy house. Macmillan of Canada, known in the publishing world as a Establishment publisher (Bobby Burns, Hugh MacLennan), and its genteel intransigence (a venture into the heady world of contemporary this year delayed until 1981, for weeks) was charged in Toronto last month with "possession for the purposes of distribution of obscene written material." "Obscene material?" From Macmillan? "Yes, a lewdly wrapped sex-edition book of photographs and illustrated stories!"

According to Metropolitan Toronto's

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Some things you should know...because what you don't know can hurt you!

1. Can crushed garlic really work as an antibiotic to clear up dangerous symptoms in humans?
2. Do commercially sold hair dyes really have cancer-causing agents as ingredients?
3. How many consumers die due to market testing of new drugs with unknown future side effects?
4. Are synthetic flavours really safe and why do manufacturers ardently refuse to reveal their contents?
5. How many potentially dangerous chemical and biological warfare test areas are now operating in Canada?
6. Why is the United States still building three hydrogen bombs per day and where are they putting them all?

A mere half dozen things you should know about. There are hundreds more.

Like how your body can become dangerously resistant to antibiotics. And like the highly dangerous experiments currently being carried out that could affect whole populations if accidentally misread.

Now you can find out about these things and how they relate to you. Listen to CBC Radio Wednesdays when the cross-pollinated scientist and journalist, Dr. David Suzuki, presents a down-to-earth examination of modern science on *Quarks and Quarks*.

No fancy scientific jargon. Just straight talk on scientific musings which affect you. Because when you don't know can hurt you. Good enough reason to listen?

Join Dr. David Suzuki
Wednesday 8:03 p.m.
(8:33 p.m. NST)

Quarks & Quarks



Sherry Mel photo: accompanied with a caption

and endorsed" and refused to admit it. A Macmillan delegation, headed by president George W. Gilmour, a Radian, and a smooth rapporter of the senior citizen's home, Langham Lodge, went to Ottawa. Gilmour presented G. J. Stroob, Deputy Minister of Revenue Canada, with nine copies of *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy of Sex*. Langham Lodge's Mrs. The manager might have resisted any of these but their combined impact proved to be too much. The book was banned.

Toronto police were not reassured by Brent's forewarning. They sent "Sherry" to York Crown Attorney Peter Rakich who suggested that if the book showed up in his jurisdiction (mainly Metropolitan Toronto) he would show Macmillan Canada Macmillan first distributed it to stores outside Toronto who made much capital of "banned in Toronto" posters. But in mid-September Macmillan put Peter Rakich to the test. On October 2 the law struck. Two plainclothesmen armed at the Macmillan offices, hundreds directly jangling under their jackets. Employees collectively held their breath waiting to see George W. Gilmour bring led foot forward in chair. To their initial amazement, the plainclothesmen merely removed Macmillan's last 17 copies of the book.

Now *My Team* turns out to be as silly as it is harmless. The 75 black and white photographs depict naked children and adults all wrapped up in the jolliest of dreams during their naps. The first meets the every-day-and-progressive doubts about childhood and sexuality, while neatly revealing the author's own bias (the normalcy of normal, apparently is abnormal). It's no mystery why the book is so popular in countries such as Germany and the United States. Patriarchal notions are the most fertile ground for earnest attempts to be sexually enlightened. Author Fleischhauer-Herdt

lectures on the fine of compromised sexuality watchdogs' Talmudic determination.

If the action to ban the book was absurd, the legal schedules for someone in December know to be even more so. The battle lines have already been drawn. Macmillan will be forced to defend its right to publish, and consumers, fearing it can't argue that it should be free to determine any book to choose. The Canadian League for Decency is against the book. Toronto's Rubin W. Gordon, Plantation, Tandy sex characters Nana and Breyly (Cinnabon is sold short), Cesar wearthout an expert a panel of literary and professional people who, in order to defend an individual's right to read what he chooses, may feel compelled to sing the praises of a badsmen book. It is a pity that to defeat one shoddy we shall have to give aid and comfort to another.

BARBARA AMIEL

More from the prophet

STORM SIGNALS: HOW ECONOMIC POLICIES HARM CANADA

By Walter Gordon
(McGraw-Hill Ryerson, \$7.95 cloth, \$3.95 paperback)

Storm Signals explores the changes needed in Canada's economic policies. The style and substance are pure Walter Gordon: the book is written without rancor and with concern for Canada's economy.

It isn't possible here to analyze Gordon's policy package in detail, but I don't need to to sum up just as I did in 1983 when he was finance minister. At that time I very much disliked his budget proposals and his 1983 speech very much. I disliked his attempts to form a corporation. He promised that when I believed could never happen, that the U.S. government would direct the purchasing, dividend and investment policies of America's subsidiaries

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST Fiction

1. *The Bone Walker*, Michael C. (2)
2. *Exodus*, U.K., Rohmer (2)
3. *Coriolis*, Givith (7)
4. *World Of Wonders*, Deuter (8)
5. *The Moneychangers*, Hally (4)
6. *Stargate*, Clancy (6)
7. *Under The Gun*, Alexander (6)
8. *Requie, Goodbye* (3)
9. *Hurlock's Oil*, Walter (2)
10. *A Fine And Private Place*, Cartwright

Nonfiction

1. *Hollywood's Canada*, Berlin (2)
2. *Bring On The Big Keg House*, River (1)
3. *One Canada, Multiple Heres*
4. *The Ancient Of Days*, Bremner (6)
5. *Milkman Thrive*, Pearson (2)
6. T. M. Bremner (6)
7. *Canada: A People's History*, Green (3)
8. *Master Sleater, Dogpile*
9. *Money, Givith (7)*
10. *Conner, Shulman (7)*

1 poster, first issue

Prepared with the aid of the

Canadian Booksellers Association

the exchange rates, free trade, relatively easy money policy, and a commitment to a more present in the competitive sectors of the economy. It is easy to agree with all of that. He also proposes freezing Canadian ownership in the 32 largest foreign controlled corporations within the next 10 years, and he will be challenged on that in the process that Canadian could find much better uses for their scarce investment funds.

Gordon is too gentle in his appraisal of entrepreneurial conditions although the York Club, where he and I lunched some time ago, will not like this book. But when it comes to speaking out for Canada, I will take Gordon every time.

ERICK RICHARD

You can take a
White Horse anywhere.

Ah Toronto! Just when class was in her grasp, she reverted to form

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The interesting cities have certain identifying benchmarks. In Montreal, it's the Marquis Bar in the basement of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on Sherbrooke. In London, the round window that encloses the two and three-wooded in it in the narrow confines of Jersey Street and Duke of York Street, back of Simpson's and below Paul's. Paris? The polished gold arm around the waist of the Venus de Milo shown on the Rue de la Paix that starts up off the Tuilleries Garden in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. The world's newest great city? The pride of place must be on the CN Tower. But the world's newest great city of commerce that's piled higher into the sky than any other pile of concrete it's called the CN Tower, the "tallest freestanding structure in the world." (No dog.)

The past year, observing Toronto's almost frantic slavering over the newest Meccano, has been one of the more surprising (and interesting) experiences of a long-time Toronto-watcher. The city, by going bananas over vulgar statistics, is a prime example of a community undergoing an adolescent masturbation. Toronto, which a year ago seemed ripe to become a trendsetter at its Canadian vending city, has dropped its sensibilities and engaged itself in public. It reminds an astonished witness—witnessing the sexually prepubescent with a mixture of humor and fascination—of a fairly sophisticated woman who suddenly has turned herself up with street-corner manicure plastic white boots and hotpants.

The problem with poor Toronto is that the city is without any interesting topographical features. A city to have character must have some land to stand on. Spend all day in Toronto and all you can see is the CN Tower and those eyes up at something but made-mechanically. There are no hills to look down from or up to. The sweeping sight of water of Lake Ontario is virtually ignored off from the city. It's a disturbing experience just to be an unabashed "Torontonian" by the most appropriate word.

It is completely understandable, therefore, that when you have a city that is usually sterile there is a need to erect a phallic symbol as an attempt at monumental machismo. The extreme obnoxious Appleby psychiatrist, if asked to take a look at Toronto's rather unhealthy obsession with the CN Tower, would advise the city to take a cold shower and lie down on the couch for a spell.

The whole thing is so perplexing. There was a day, of course, when Toronto's



Heg Town a case of perverse phallosis

advent of the Sydney Opera House. There were definite possibilities of elegance in the Bloco-Yorkeville scene—still the only portion of Toronto in which walking is a pleasure. The Harbour Castle complex is just as dismal. Transmissions to the many that they lost on the water.

Things were going so benignly that I could even consider living in Toronto—if one's neighborhood could be arranged about the unpreachable. However, I understand that it's under the jurisdiction of God and I plan to speak to Her about it.

We all agreed—let's not—that the city at last was growing up. Architectural journals salivated over the new orange *Futura* poised that "honest greatness" tag on the tower. Toto donned a cover (I wish like finally being able to relax over a twinkly teen-age girl who had beat her panties and was about to discuss how to split末末). Toto also took the vulgarism with all the power at last learning some table manners.

Instead? Instead, we subjected it to this exercise in juvenile vulgarity: the oblation with the fans of engineers and autohounds (is this the way Vienna achieved her fame? San Francisco?) The fawning adoration over the physical dimensions of the CN Tower is oddly reminiscent of the Fan over marathon driving, gridlock wallowing, and the world's new teeter-totter balancing score.

The most degrading aspect of all is that the "world's tallest freestanding structure" of course is not even bright red or all-white, even at 1155 feet, like other Toronto landmarks. It's a gaudy, garish, and the failed monogram of Marconi. I decided to take a walk around what I assumed would be the adjacent downtown area. All set-and-blocks in the dark, is what I took to be a deserted warehouse district. I returned to the hotel, pronouncing that it was located on the outskirts of the city. It was not and I ventured forth into the morning that I intended the apposite emblem of the Royal York in fact were the lower reaches of Bay Street, in daytime, the very心脏 of all that was sordid and dear to Canada's financial heart. It was indeed, in those days, a city far by the times of pinched Presbyterian firms.

Since then, however, it has become somewhat of a fan of Toronto. The city has undergone innumerable in the last half-decades time. The curved towers of Vigo Road's city hall made it the most interesting new building in the world until the

I thought Toronto the world's greatest city had grown up. Alas, I was wrong. Toronto: Myself Ignorance Has Toronto's Faults.

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